

HIGH'S HIGH'S

Summer Attractions

Prices Cut Deeper Than Ever

And affording a rare opportunity to secure Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Goods, Laces, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery, Gents' Furnishings, Shoes, Shirt Waists, Millinery, Carpets, etc., at almost your own price.

Figured China and Foulard Silks, were 75c and \$1 yard, now 39c.

Striped and Dotted Linens, were \$1 and \$1.25 yard, now 39c.

French Figured Dimities, 25c and 35c value, now 15c.

French Figured Organdies, 39c value, now 25c.

Foulard styles in fine Batistes, worth 19c, at 12½c.

White Corded Pique, 25c kind, at 12½c a yard.

White Dimities, a yard wide, worth 19c, now at 10c a yard.

White Check Nainsooks, usually 8½c yard, now 5c.

White India Linens, were 10c a yard, now go at 5c.

Blue and White Figured Lawns, worth 10c, now go at 5c.

Figured Dimities, easily worth 8½c, to go at 5c.

Figured Dimities, were 12½c, now go at 7½c.

Figured Organdie Muslins, worth 19c, now 10c.

French Percales, yard wide, worth 12½c to go at 9c.

\$1.50 Kid Gloves to be sold at \$1.00 a pair.

Ladies' and Gents' fine Linen Handkerchiefs, were 20c and 25c, at 10c.

Ladies' Fast Black seamless Hose, worth 16½c, now 10c.

Ladies' Fast Black Lisle Thread Hose, were 33½c, now 25c.

Gents' Fast Black Half-Hose, 25c value, now 15c.

Gents' Unlaundered Puff Bosom Shirts, worth 75c, now 39c.

Gents' Balbriggan Underwear, worth 50c, now 25c.

Ladies' Figured Black Mohair Skirts, worth \$2.50 and \$3, now \$1.50.

Ladies' Laundered Percale Shirt Waists, were \$1, now 50c.

Ladies' Laundered Percale and French Dimity Shirt Waists were \$1.50, now 75c.

Ladies' Black Brocaded Silk Skirts, were \$15.00, now \$9.90.

Ladies' Black Brocaded Mohair Skirts, were \$7.50, now \$5.

Ladies' Percale House Wrappers, were \$1.25, now 69c.

Ladies' Trimmed Pattern Hats, were \$10, now \$3.

Ladies' \$4 and \$5 Trimmed Hats, now to go at \$1.75.

Ladies' \$3 and \$3.50 Trimmed Hats, now \$1.00.

Ladies' fine Sailor Hats, were \$2.50 and \$3.00, now 75c.

GENTS' COLLARS.—We have now on sale the best 10c Collar ever known to the trade. The styles are correct and quality guaranteed as good as any 20c Collar in the market.

SHOES.—We have decided to continue the Shoe business. With the department now on main floor, good light and ventilation, we claim it the best appointed Shoe Store in the city. Mr. Manson Wilson is now in the shoe markets. Exceptionally low prices made now to make room for new stock.

CARPETS.—Mr. H. N. Goldsmith, manager of Carpet Department, is now in the northern and eastern markets making the Carpet purchases for fall. Just now it would be well for you to look in on our Carpet department if you contemplate furnishing a house or any portion of one.

J. M. HIGH & CO.

ROOM-MAKING SALE

SECOND WEEK.

The fact that we have too many goods and must reduce our stock compels us to quote

Low Prices

which under other circumstances we would not dare to make.

These reductions will of course, to a great extent, wipe out all our former profits for this season, but there is no way to avoid it.

Everything this week reduced to a No-Profit Basis.

TUMBLER DAY.

5 barrels good, clear Table Tumblers. People say they would be cheap at 45c dozen, tomorrow 9 to 12 o'clock, one dozen only to a single customer at 25c dozen

DOLLS.

Several thousand small dressed China Dolls, worth 5c, as long as the lot lasts 2½c each

WATER PITCHERS.

Large half gallon Glass Pitchers, worth 50c, next week 19c each

STOVE POLISH.

If you want the largest box for your money, come Monday. 5c box

DINNER SETS.

16 English Decorated Porcelain Dinner Sets, consisting of 100 pieces, worth \$9.75, one only to a customer, at \$5.98

TOILET SETS.

75 left from last week's sale, worth \$2.25, special all this week at \$1.69 set

CHINA CUPS AND SAUCERS.

White Vienna China Cups and Saucers, worth \$2 dozen, all next week at 50c set

MASON FRUIT JARS.

Here are the lowest prices ever known in Georgia. We are overloaded and must sell to make room.

Pints, 50c dozen.
Quarts, 60c dozen.
Half gallon, 75c dozen.

Wire Holders given free with every purchase.

JELLY GLASSES.

½ pint size, 25c dozen.
½ pint size, 30c dozen.

CUTLERY.

We make no idle boast when we say we can save you 35% on all Knives, Forks, etc.

"1847 ROGER BROS." Knives and Forks, the highest grade Silver plated goods on the market, worth \$4.50 dozen, here at \$3.50 dozen

Good quality Silver plated Knives, worth \$1.50, special Monday at 75c set

Good quality Silver plated Forks, worth \$1, special Monday at 50c set

Silver plated Table Spoons 50c set

Silver plated Tea Spoons 25c set

HIGH GRADE A. D. CUPS AND SAUCERS.

A lucky purchase brings the best bargain we have offered in a long time. A full case of Decorated Cups and Saucers, imported to sell from 50c to \$1.25. We bought them at less than half price, and just to make people talk, offer choice of the lot at 25c each

FORREST HIGH**....HIGH'S....
BASEMENT.****E. M. BASS & CO.**

GRAND SEMI-ANNUAL

CLEARANCE SALE

Our buyers leave shortly for eastern markets to purchase our Fall and Winter Stocks. We must now convert every dollar's worth of goods possible into cash. During this week dry goods will be slaughtered. It will be our loss, but your gain. It will be to your interest to be on hand Monday and every day next week. As each lot is closed out something else will take its place.

2,500 yards Vivette Batiste.....	2½c	10 bolts fine black silk-finished Henri- etta, worth \$1 yard, now.....	39c	Good quality black Spool Silks.....	1c
2,500 yard Defender Dress Lawns.....	2½c	22 bolts figured black Mohair, Sicilian and Biarritz Cloth, worth from \$1 to \$1.25.....	39c	Good quality Spool Cotton, 200 yards.....	1c
3,200 yards good Cotton Checks.....	2½c	14 bolts fancy Plaids, Mohairs and small mixtures in wool goods, 50c quality, now	15c	Large spools good Knitting Silks.....	1c
3,000 yards good 10-4 Bleached Sheet.....	12½c	28 bolts all wool Cre- pons in light shades, cheap at \$1.00, to close.....	25c	322 fine Photo Frames, worth 50c.....	10c
5,000 yards best quality Zephyr Ginghams.....	3½c	9 bolts evening shades in brocaded Jap Silks, big value at \$1.....	35c	144 fine white Kid Belts, pretty buckles.....	19c
1,200 yards best Feather Tickings.....	8½c	1 lot odds and ends in fine Silks, some worth \$1, others less, pick.....	19c	260 tan Leather Belts, the best made.....	19c
800 yards fine Victoria Lawns.....	4½c	21 bolts fine Dresden, Charmelon and Print Warp Silks, worth \$1 to \$1.25, here they go	35c	23 dozen Men's fine Crepe de Chine 4-in-Hands.....	19c
250 yards bookfold Irish Lawns.....	3½c	500 Ladies' Untrim- med Hats, good styles.....	5c	35c Ladies' fancy top Hose, black boots.....	15c
Ladies' \$1.00 Muslin Gowns and Chemise.....	49c	250 Misses' Leghorn Flats, white and black.....	10c	20 dozen Ladies' ventilated Corsets.....	39c
Ladies' \$2.00 Muslin Gowns and Chemise.....	89c	321 Ladies' Newest Style Untrimmed Hats, all this sea- son's shapes.....	29c	Ladies' white Duck Par- asols, slightly soiled.....	50c
60 dozen Ladies' Vests, taped neck and shoulders.....	10c	500 pairs Ladies' and Misses' fast black Hose, full size.....	3c	P. D. Corset Sale.	
25 dozen Ladies' Lisle Vests taped neck and shoulders.....	15c	One box fine Em- broderies, worth from 8c to 15c, choice.....	4c	No. 1007 \$1.50 P. D. Corsets.....	98c
650 yards fine Tassar Silks, new styles.....	4½c	One box fine Em- broderies, in white and colors, worth up to 25c, pick.....	8c	No. 530 \$1.75 P. D. Corsets.....	\$1.25
450 yards Crepons, all shades.....	4½c			No. 329 \$2.50 P. D. Corsets.....	\$1.48
750 yards Dress Ducks, good styles.....	5c			No. 97 \$3.25 P. D. Corsets.....	\$1.98
\$1.25 full 11-4 Crochet Counterpanes.....	49c			No. 29 \$3.50 P. D. Corsets.....	\$1.98
\$2.00 fine full size Counterpanes.....	75c			No. 574 \$5.00 P. D. Corsets.....	\$2.98
\$3.00 12-4 Marseilles Counterpanes.....	\$1.29			Linings and Findings.	
500 full size Mosquito Bars, umbrella frames.....	98c			Best Skirt Cambrics made.....	27c
25 dozen Ladies' Teck Scarfs for shirt waists.....	8c			Best bunch Whalebones.....	4c
Ladies' black silk Belts, fine silvered buckles.....	19c			Best patent Hooks and Eyes.....	2c
Men's 39c Hermsdorf dye Black Socks.....	19c			Best Bone Casing made.....	1c
Men's \$1.00 laundered white and colored Shirts.....	39c			Best Linen Grass Cloth.....	6c

Thousands of other Bargains equally as inviting as above. So be on hand Monday and every day next week and get your feast of bargains. All goods delivered promptly and sold for Spot Cash!

E. M. BASS & CO.

A NORTH GEORGIA HORSE SWAP.

I was over in Sugar Valley the other day, and was surprised to see such a concourse of people there. I didn't know there were that many people resident within the confines of that mountain kingdom. "Big crowd in town today," I remarked to the landlord of the Traveler's Rest. "Yass, purty big sight o' folks." "Election day?" "Nope; horse swappers' convention."

"Horse swappers' convention today. They have 'em reg'lar here. Third Sat'day in every month. First Sat'day's justice court; second Sat'day's Hardshell meetin'; third Sat'day's Methodist meetin'; fourth Sat'day's the only day they kin git out'n the month."

"Do you mean to say that they meet here for no other purpose than to swap horses?"

"That's a fact. Leastwise they sometimes swap oxen, trags, fiddies, breedin' sows an' pocket knives, an' once in a while they change down an' swappin' down ain't no good, however, for it's a mighty sorry dawg what won't run away an' go back to his master; that is, if his master's worth anything. So out and take a hand with the boys. Reckon you might run afoul of a shifter o' moonshine mountain dew 'mongst them fellers, if you keep yer eye skint."

"Accordingly, I strolled out on the public square and watched the proceedings. There were a couple of swartzy gysies from a nearby camp who were surrounded by an eager crowd. They are the keenest of all horse dealers, and they are the only match for a Georgia mountaineer, except perhaps, it be an east Tennesseean from the former leader of Governor Brownlow."

"Here's your tradin' stock!" yelled a red headed mountaineer, as he bestrode a melancholy claybank, with mane and tail full of cuckleburs and went cavorting around the square. "This horse is chain lightning. Once, when he were a colt—"

"'Wuz that befo' the war?" interrupted a grizzled old moonshiner.

"You shet up, Snipes. No hit war!" This colt won't be six year old till next year; look at his teeth, if you 'spute my sayso."

"Who 'sputes it, Ike?" replied the respectable Snipes. "Nobody don't 'spute nothin' you say. Lie out o' one scrape into another so fast that there's no keepin' tally."

"Gentlemen!" yelled the undaunted Ike, ignoring Snipes. "This 'ere animal is chain lightning. Out run a streak o' real lightning when he war a colt. Him an' his mammy war a feelin' in the past—"

"You know how fer my paster is from the hoss lot, Dempsey?—when that come up the daddested thunder cloud you ever seed. Suddenly, while I war a tryin' to make up my mind whither to go after the stock or risk the thunder, I seed a streak o' lightning hit the old mare kere-slap, an' down she went, dead'n all possessed."

"The colt started to run—I mean this 'ere vere colt—an' lightning lit out after it, an' they had it nip an' tuck till they come to the bars."

"Over the bars went the colt, an' the streak o' lightning went through the crack, an' from that to the hoss lot gate, three hundred and forty-seven yards, five feet an' fourteen inches—measured it myself—they had it high, low, nose and tail."

"Well, street! That colt jumped the fence an' kept over the wall'n' trough, which happened to be full o' water, an' was safe and sound, while the lightning drapped in the water like a brand iron in a puddle."

"Now, gentlemen, who's got any sich stock? Trot him out, will you? What d'ye say to a swap, Dempsey?"

"I haint forgot how you choused me out o' the fice bitten gray," replied Dempsey, doubtfully.

"Choused ye? How in the blazes did I chouse you, Dempsey?"

"That's jest what I've been figgerin' out ever since. I done it with my eyes open, but I'll be bound to your word, you choused me. Why, that 'ere old hoss I got from you wouldn't pull hair!"

"Did I tell you he pulled?"

"No-o; but ye did tell me that he war a good work horse, an' that he hitched 'im up by the mare the son of a gun shot back an' wouldn't budge for beans."

"Had no bizness to hitch a young horse back that by the side of a old mare lack yourn."

"Young? Why, I'll be durned if that hoss wasn't foaled afore the war. I 'sly 'sly 'sly, com to think 'bout it, that Sherman dropped him here when he war a chasin' Joe Johnson aroun' Snake Creek Gap."

"That's not a circumstance to the dinged old critter you fotch here this mornin'. He helped to haul the timbers for Noer's ark."

"That thing you're on war too durned old to work in harness 'bout that time, an' Noer had had 'im for Ham to ride to mill, prob'ly."

to boot, an' 'git the fnes' colt south o' h—ll an' west o' Boston."

"Ike, hit's no use'n you tryin' to pull no wool over my eyes. I'll swap even Steven, though ye oughter gimme 'bout \$10 boot."

"Forty burrains in—"

"'Hol on, now, ef ye wanten trade, I'm y man. Ef not there's no money los'."

"Dempsey, ye're not willin' to tote fair. Come this way a minit, and after the manner of horse-swappers, they retired to juggle with each other."

In a few minutes they came back and after a little further squabbling they changed saddles and like mounted the pacing mare and started to ride her away. As he passed me he checked his horse and turning in his saddles he said with a grin:

"Dempsey, ole man, thar, is two little things about that aire critter that I don't tell ye 'bout 'em."

"What are they, Ike?"

"Well, one is that when ye turn Chain Lightning erlose in the lot he's jest a leetle hard to ketch."

"Why, to tell ye the God's truth, Dempsey, when ye ketch 'im he ain't worth a continental durn."

Then turning to me with an expression of inimitable cunning, he said, in a lower voice, "I tell ye, old Dempsey's cotch it."

"Good Saddle!" "Watch 'is Paces. Move along now, Chain Lightning!"

the pull shore. Pay 'im back for the way he choused me. That 'ere durned old claybank's as old as I am, ef he's a day, an' I've voted in two presidential 'lections; 'sides that, he's blind as a bat in the night, an' weakenin' in the other."

Dr. in an' see me in passin', stranger." In the course of half an hour Dempsey lounched over to where I sat and remarked with a look of unutterable cunning:

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"How'll you swap ye old mare fur my colt, anyhow, Dempsey?"

"Colt nothin'. I tell ye, Ike, that hoss is shorly older'n I am."

"You're terrible lar, Dempsey, but do ye want to swap? Now, put up or shet up."

"I don't keer 'bout swappin', but I never haint been backed out. Do you mean bizness?"

"Oh, not pertikler. Woa, now, Chain Lightning, can't ye woa?" and he slyly tickled the claybank with the spur on the off side.

"Will yer old critter woa in harness?"

"This 'ere colt'll woa to anything 'om a ground slide to a sorghum mill, single or double or spikins or team."

"Good saddle?"

tion is stopping. Akeshi, has a population of about 2,000. There is excellent anchorage for the yacht there, and just above the town are cliffs 200 or 300 feet high, where the instruments may be well placed. Labor is plentiful and cheap, so that the scientists can, with their few skilled mechanics, get their apparatus in position without difficulty.

To understand the character of the eclipse imagine a small, circular, non-luminous globe and your eye, and near enough to the eye to obscure the larger body, a penny held near enough to the eye will hide a silver dollar or an orange will shut off from the eye the big glass globe around an arc light.

The shadow of the orange will be cone-shaped, large near the orange and narrowing down to a point. So with the sun and moon, and at the time of the August eclipse the shadow, which begins at the near side of the moon with a diameter equal to the moon's, will be truncated just before it has narrowed to a point by the earth, and will fall upon the earth with a breadth of about one hundred miles. It will be as if the moon took a monster paint brush, molded to a point, and applying a little pressure drew a narrow black line around that part of the earth which showed within reach.

The black line, or band, or shadow, will mark the earth from a point west of Norway, in the ocean, across Norway, Sweden, Finland, Northern Russia and Siberia, the Pacific ocean and some of the northern islands of Japan. Of these last it will fall upon Sumatra and the north end of Yezo, Momotetsu and Yubetsu. From Yubetsu it will go on, falling upon mountains 900 or 7,000 feet high, and continue over the ocean some hundreds of miles, and then vanish.

Within this long, hundred-mile-wide belt of darkness several other parties will be taking photographs and making observations at different points, but the scientists cannot have as many points of

observation as they would like because of the vast immensity of Siberia. French, German and Italian astronomers will probably make observations from Norway and Finland, and very likely from the Gulf of Finland, at Vado and Vardo in Finland. Yezo, the chances of which are very small, will be shorter than at the same time at the several places.

The advance photography and improvements devised by Professor Todd in the mechanism for photographing celestial phenomena, multiply the glimpse several hundred fold. Professor Todd has arranged many telescopes and cameras and has placed and can control their operations as photographic apparatus. He can load the huge machine with hundreds of plates so placed in a revolving barrel that as fast as an exposure is made a new plate comes into the focus. He expects to operate three or four hundred, or possibly more, photographs. He will make the photographs of the corona and total eclipse for pictorial purposes and to measure the intensity of the corona and the light in every part.

Professor Todd will be equipped with a reflecting telescope with a twelve-inch diameter, which will form an image of the sun one and three-fourths inches in diameter and will be at a distance of fifteen feet away.

The greatest interest in the expedition centers in the photographs to be made of the corona, which is a white, ethereal, silvery radiance which is wholly different from what we call sunlight, and is only to be seen when the sun is eclipsed. It is so beautiful and impressive that the most appreciative of astronomers has said that while perhaps only the pure love of science, only a poet could describe its glory.

It is a luminous appendage of the sun, a filamentous brilliance which is the dark shadow of the moon completely obscuring the sun, bursts out in flashes and scintillations, waves beyond the darkened edge. It seems in some way to be connected with the sun's spots. The spots are most numerous about every eleven years, and are fewest about five years afterward.

When the sun is in the solar corona, bursts out strongest in curving or fan-like form, and the width of the corona, each end of the lateral diameter of the sun, is about 100,000 miles. The peculiar radiance at the ends of the vertical diameter, which are the most brilliant, is more brilliant above and below, and comparative little at the sides of the corona. The moon has nothing to do with the corona.

Before leaving New York Professor Todd said: "We shall by means of the spectroscopic and polaroscopic test and analysis of the radiance of the beautiful silver light that forms the corona and the light that is due to the radiations of the sun, find out the interest taken in this the pure love of science, there is a practical side to it all."

Those unhappy persons who suffer from nervousness and dyspepsia should use Little Nerve Pills, which are made especially for nervous, dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25 cents.

EXCURSION TO MILLEDGEVILLE.

Do Not Forget It Takes Place Next Wednesday.

In looking over The Constitution today reading the good things that are on every page, don't forget that the business men's excursion to Milledgeville on Wednesday, the 29th, will be the event of the week.

The round trip is only \$1.50. Milledgeville is a beautiful city, formerly the capital of the state and many memories associated there that will be of interest to you.

Mr. R. Hudson, No. 8 Kimball house, will give you such information as you may want regarding the excursion.

PANTS

Made to Measure,

\$2.95.

PRICES WERE \$4 TO \$8.

Davis Tailoring Co., 14 Peachtree Street.

BRIEF GLIMPSES OF THE SUMMER GRIST OF BOOKS.

Clyde Fitch is a fresh recruit in the crowded ranks of those who add light fiction to the other burdens of summer. His aristocratic pen couldn't compete with the more serious footnotes that is occupying its shadowy old den to literary tasks. It has pictured out a bright lot of little stories and bunched them together in a volume of those aristocratic little volumes such as Storn Kimball turn out. It is a summer delight.

Mr. Fitch's work does not require any extended application of the attention. It is made up of six or eight stories and they are very short; moreover, they are very good. They display a shrewd knowledge of the little traits of human character and are admirably fitted to modern life. Mr. Fitch thoroughly understands the people he writes about and with a few skillful strokes he presents complete pictures of them.

One of his stories deals with three young women and "My Day" are life-like enough to have just stepped down from some respectable neighbors' houses. They are sure enough girls and Mr. Fitch gives us a striking illustration of the character of the people through a letter from each in which the story—if it can be called—its told.

In another the tragedy of domestic unhappiness is told, and the strange tale of two letters from two little girl correspondents aged eleven each. Still another clever story is told in the letters of a young woman, depicting her experiences during seven days at sea. The letters are written to her lover at home.

The tone is light and clever; the style entertaining. To those of us who are interested in the existence of such people as we know Mr. Fitch's stories will be a most interesting and useful addition to the beauty of the mountain scenery and make life at the seaside pass less heavily.

Mr. Fitch's stories, under the title of "Some Correspondence and Six Little Conversations," is for sale at Lester's.

Dr. Robins on the Family.

A new book just out is the work of Dr. John B. Robins, the gifted Methodist minister of West End. Dr. Robins' book is issued by Fiske & Davies and is a neat and well printed volume. "The Family, a Necessity of Civilization." The subjects treated of under this head are well divided up and are handled in the thoughtful manner characteristic of Dr. Robins. He is a strong and original thinker and his views on subjects of which he has thought a great deal are well worth having.

TO CLOSE OUT.

September 1st we move to 16 Whitehall street. Every pair of Shoes and Oxford Ties must be sold before then, as we are determined not to move a pair into our new store.

All our Men's \$6.00 Shoes, in tan, calf or patent leather, Now go at..... \$3.50

All our Men's \$5.00 Shoes Now..... \$3.00

All our Men's \$4.00 Shoes Now..... \$2.50

All our Men's \$3.50 Shoes Now..... \$1.50

All our Misses' \$2.00 Oxfords and Strap Sandals Now go at..... \$1.00

All our Misses' \$1.50 Slippers Now go at..... 75c

All our Children's \$1.00 Slippers Now go at..... 50c

Ladies' fine \$3.00 Oxfords Now..... \$1.50

Ladies' fine \$1.50 Oxfords Now..... \$1.00

Bargain Hunters, this is your chance.

FOX & SNELLING SHOE CO.,

73 Whitehall Street.

After September 1st, 16 Whitehall Street.

Ballads of the Brook.

Sometimes, in my thoughts, I go Where the hills of morning climb Past a brook, whose ragged flow Ran to reach the river's slime; Chirp of boyhood's golden hour, Never since has sounded so Sweet to me as that brook's chime— Years and years and years ago!

There the catbird I do love, As if silence were a crime! All his wood skill I shall show, Till I mocked the merry mime; Fearing neither snare nor time— Free as I from fear of foe— Ah, 'twas boyhood's golden prime— Years and years and years ago!

Where the current deluged to slow In broad shallows, banked with thyme, There I drank and washed below From my hands the boyish grime; Chances seemed the summer clime— Nothing more could life bestow— There was something still sublime, Years and years and years ago!

ENVOY.

In some far-off future time If still we meet, I'll know, Why I wrote this rambling rhyme, Years and years and years ago!

Longing.

My loving heart craves deepest love, My spirit seeks to rise, My heart self, my soul would move To love that satisfies.

No human bliss, no tender tie, No idol to bedim The shining peace and unity My soul would find in Him.

So take me, Lord, and make me Thine, And let me reach in Thee, The story of a love divine, Enough of joy for me.

Violets.

Modesty, we all confess, Is the violet's simple dress, As it lifts its face to Heaven, Thanking God for sunshine given.

Blue, for true, its color is, Sweet its breath, like angel kiss; Trust messenger of love, Sent to us from Heaven above.

Lowliest of flowers all, Yet more sweet than lilies tall, Teaching us of meekness more, Than we ever knew before.

Cherish then this little flower; May he in some darksome hour, When all else shall these forsake, Memories sweet it will awake.

The Kingdom Where I'm King.

When I know the world is growing Full of trouble and of wrong, When I feel the currents flowing For my strength too swift and strong, To a refuge, never failing, My heart more closely cling, Storms nor foes are there assailing— 'Tis the kingdom where I'm king.

When I close my glorious palace, All the gloom is shut outside, All the hate and bitter malice Which is grasping greed and pride; But within in peace-contentment, Such as Love alone can bring, Nor is known the world's resentment In the kingdom where I'm king.

Only just a common mortal, Nothing more, nor less than I, But I'm crowned within that portal And the robe of purple wear, Homage true the faults have hidden, Which are praised in the wings; Calumny will come unbidden To the kingdom where I'm king.

Though the fickle friend has slighted, When misfortune sought his aid; Though the dearest ties are blighted, Which a trusting hope has made; There's a place where Love's abiding, Where Suspicion cannot sting, For no cruel Doubt is hiding In the kingdom where I'm king.

Monarchs, both in song and story, Oft have had their greatness told, Have been lauded for their glory, For their jewels and their gold; Still their Babylonian treasures Were but riches on the wing; Dross, that pales beside the pleasures Of the kingdom where I'm king.

Oh, my kingdom, it is royal With a wealth no gold imparts; And my subjects they are loyal, For my throne is in their hearts. Wear the crown and scepter making, Trusting Love, the signet ring; Children's voices music waking— This my kingdom where I'm king.

Mary Ann.

Times is hard, but Mary Ann Is handy at most things; I don't say she's saint or angel, With aureole or wings; But she's one of them ar'wimmen That makes most o' what they've Doan't go run' allers a frettin', Seem contented with their lot.

rapid sale, has just gone off to the Maine coast for a two months' vacation, where he will finish his revision of "John Gray," to be reissued by the Macmillan company at the beginning of September, according to The Bookman. It is noteworthy that "A Kentucky Cardinal," which was published about a year and a half ago, has just passed into its seventeenth thousand, a month. The figures are remarkable in view of the fact that both books take rank among the quieter volumes of belles lettres, and make no appeal to the restless, morbid spirit of the time.

WITH THE CONSTITUTION'S POETS.

Ballads of the Brook.

Sometimes, in my thoughts, I go Where the hills of morning climb Past a brook, whose ragged flow Ran to reach the river's slime; Chirp of boyhood's golden hour, Never since has sounded so Sweet to me as that brook's chime— Years and years and years ago!

There the catbird I do love, As if silence were a crime! All his wood skill I shall show, Till I mocked the merry mime; Fearing neither snare nor time— Free as I from fear of foe— Ah, 'twas boyhood's golden prime— Years and years and years ago!

Where the current deluged to slow In broad shallows, banked with thyme, There I drank and washed below From my hands the boyish grime; Chances seemed the summer clime— Nothing more could life bestow— There was something still sublime, Years and years and years ago!

ENVOY.

In some far-off future time If still we meet, I'll know, Why I wrote this rambling rhyme, Years and years and years ago!

Longing.

My loving heart craves deepest love, My spirit seeks to rise, My heart self, my soul would move To love that satisfies.

No human bliss, no tender tie, No idol to bedim The shining peace and unity My soul would find in Him.

So take me, Lord, and make me Thine, And let me reach in Thee, The story of a love divine, Enough of joy for me.

Violets.

Modesty, we all confess, Is the violet's simple dress, As it lifts its face to Heaven, Thanking God for sunshine given.

Blue, for true, its color is, Sweet its breath, like angel kiss; Trust messenger of love, Sent to us from Heaven above.

Lowliest of flowers all, Yet more sweet than lilies tall, Teaching us of meekness more, Than we ever knew before.

Cherish then this little flower; May he in some darksome hour, When all else shall these forsake, Memories sweet it will awake.

The Kingdom Where I'm King.

When I know the world is growing Full of trouble and of wrong, When I feel the currents flowing For my strength too swift and strong, To a refuge, never failing, My heart more closely cling, Storms nor foes are there assailing— 'Tis the kingdom where I'm king.

When I close my glorious palace, All the gloom is shut outside, All the hate and bitter malice Which is grasping greed and pride; But within in peace-contentment, Such as Love alone can bring, Nor is known the world's resentment In the kingdom where I'm king.

Only just a common mortal, Nothing more, nor less than I, But I'm crowned within that portal And the robe of purple wear, Homage true the faults have hidden, Which are praised in the wings; Calumny will come unbidden To the kingdom where I'm king.

Though the fickle friend has slighted, When misfortune sought his aid; Though the dearest ties are blighted, Which a trusting hope has made; There's a place where Love's abiding, Where Suspicion cannot sting, For no cruel Doubt is hiding In the kingdom where I'm king.

Monarchs, both in song and story, Oft have had their greatness told, Have been lauded for their glory, For their jewels and their gold; Still their Babylonian treasures Were but riches on the wing; Dross, that pales beside the pleasures Of the kingdom where I'm king.

Oh, my kingdom, it is royal With a wealth no gold imparts; And my subjects they are loyal, For my throne is in their hearts. Wear the crown and scepter making, Trusting Love, the signet ring; Children's voices music waking— This my kingdom where I'm king.

Mary Ann.

Times is hard, but Mary Ann Is handy at most things; I don't say she's saint or angel, With aureole or wings; But she's one of them ar'wimmen That makes most o' what they've Doan't go run' allers a frettin', Seem contented with their lot.

Now when munny's scarce and skarser, Mary Ann kan manage so; There's munny in a single dollar Go further then it useter do. Mary Ann hev giv' us wearin' Furbeulons, an' lace, an' frills, See she'd run' go without 'em, Then be owin' debts an' bills.

Times is hard, but Mary Ann Hez got a heap o' sense; An' sometimes I think the counts Fur mos' ez much ez pence. Times is hard, an' I'm doin' 'im, All thet anybody kan. But somehow, mos' o' all my hope Is pinned ter Mary Ann. She knows ways thet I don't know ov; She kan tell jes w'at ter do. An' I guess, thet 'imes is pinchin', Mary Ann will pull us thru.

Westfield, N. Y.

There is no one article in the line of medicines that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Smart Vaseline and Belladonna Backache Plasters.

MADE FOR ATLANTA TRADE.

My large stock of assorted styles of vehicles are all hand made especially for Atlanta trade. They will wear many times longer than factory made goods. Cost prices now prevail. J. W. Weitzell, successor to Weitzell & Fitzgibbon.

TO CLOSE OUT.

September 1st we move to 16 Whitehall street. Every pair of Shoes and Oxford Ties must be sold before then, as we are determined not to move a pair into our new store.

All our Men's \$6.00 Shoes, in tan, calf or patent leather, Now go at..... \$3.50

All our Men's \$5.00 Shoes Now..... \$3.00

DOUGLAS, THOMAS & DAVISON.

Shoe Department.

A guarantee is given with every pair of Shoes we sell. The values we give you are as good or better than same goods can be bought for elsewhere.

Ladies' Dongola Oxfords and Strap Sandals; common sense and pointed toes; value \$1.50, at \$1.
Ladies' 3-button low Shoes, pointed toes, patent tip, soft and flexible; 2 kinds at \$1.25.
Ladies' Oxfords, best kid stock, all the new shapes, the best we have in stock; value up to \$3.50, at \$2.
Men's Calf hand-sewed lace and congress Shoes, five styles of toes; value \$3, at \$2.
Men's Calf, Kangaroo and Vici Kid lace and congress Shoes, hand-sewed, black and tan, new shapes; value \$5, at \$3.
Boys' Calf lace Shoes, pointed cap toe; value \$1.75, at \$1.25.
Misses' Strap Sandals, bow and buckle, black and tan, patent tip and plain toe; value \$1.50, at 90c.

Carpets.

CASH OR CREDIT.

New Brussels are in, and during dull season special prices on all 9-wire Brussels, Tapestry, 45c yard.
All wool Tapestry Brussels, short lengths for small Carpets, at two-thirds regular price.
All wool Ingrains made, laid and lined, for 45c yard.

Linoleums.

The new goods are all here, prettier than ever.
8-4 wide, 75c, 55c and 45c square yard makes a wonderful improvement in the appearance of your office, store, dining room, hall or kitchen. The cost is very small.

Floor Oilcloths.

8-4 and 4-4 wide patterns, almost equal to Linoleum, also stair strips or runners, 35c, 25c, 20c and 15c.

"Dixie"

Mosquito Canopies, the new patent, as shown at the exposition. We are agents. Special wholesale prices to dealers. On exhibition in our store. Complete, ready to put up, \$2.

Matting.

Supremacy for style, goodness and best values the D., T. D. assortment now excels all previous efforts. Bought low, will sell low. 35 per cent saved on the heaviest best China Matting made, will wear for years, per yard, 25c, regular value 40c.
Good, heavy Matting 40 yard, roll \$4.
Linen Warp Matting, fancy, reversible, yard, 15c.
Remnants of Matting, 12 1/2c, 10c, 7 1/2c and 5c yard. Choice of best Matting for above prices.

Lace Curtains.

The grandest values ever offered by any house in Irish Points, the kinds that wear for years. Richly embroidered, usually cost one-third more than we ask.

Irish Point Curtains, \$1.50 pair.
Irish Point Curtains, \$2.
Irish Point Curtains, \$3.
Irish Point Curtains, \$4.

The most superb effects at \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8. Heretofore cost \$8 to \$12. We have cut the price on Nottingham Curtains, as follows:
The \$3 Curtains are \$2.
The \$4 Curtains are \$3.
The \$5 Curtains are \$3.50.

Curtain Poles.

5 feet long with all fixtures complete, 20c.
A visit will repay you to the D., T. D. Carpet Department.

Standard Patterns

Are undoubtedly the best paper patterns made. They are cheaper than most others, are more economical, more practical and more satisfactory.
New patterns received monthly, monthly fashion sheets and catalogues free at the counter.

Wrappers.

Ladies' Calico Wrappers, dark colors mostly, nicely made, full sleeves and wide skirts, 60c each.
Ladies' Percale Wrappers, Mother Hubbard style, light colorings, full Bishop sleeves, 83c each.
Ladies' Lawn Wrappers, very full skirts, trimmed with lace edging, Watteau back, \$1.25 each.
French Satin Wrappers, Persian designs, latest shape, \$1.50 each, worth \$2.50.

Midsummer Sales.

There is one noticeable feature about our business, we never "let up," we are everlastingly at it. Our customers find new attractions daily not only on the center bargain tables, but in the shelves of the Departments. We are continually busy. Even during this hot weather season you will find us crowded as usual, and "where the crowd goes always tells the story." We are busy because we make business. Our fame is not only local, it is wide spread, reaching into all of the Southern States, as our Mail Order Department can attest. If you are not thoroughly acquainted in our store, come in and we will show you through. There is lots to see, lots to sell, and attractive prices to make you buy. In each of the many departments you will find tempting offers. At present our regular Midsummer Sale is going on. This is the clearing out time for all Spring and Summer goods prior to stock taking. All such goods are at marked down figures. We are anxious to close out all of these goods and are offering them at quick selling prices.

Crockery Department.

Thin blown Tumblers, each 2c.
Glass Cream Pitchers, each 3c.
Glass Pepper and Salt Shakers, each 3c.
Pastry Plates, Leonard's Vienna china, assorted decorations, each 8c.
Tea Plates, Carlsbad china, gold band, each 10c.
Ice Cream Saucers, Vienna china, decorated, each 7c.
Dinner Sets, 100 pieces, K. T. & K. porcelain ware, cobalt blue and olive green, assorted decorations, set complete, \$10.
Chamber Sets, 10 pieces, K. T. & K. porcelain ware, latest decorations, gold trimmed, set complete, \$3.48.
Chamber set, 10 pieces, Leonard's Vienna china, assorted decorations, gold trimmed, \$4.98.
6-inch Pie Plates, each 1c.
Muffin Pans, 6 holes, each 6c.
Muffin Pans, 8 holes, each 8c.
Muffin Pans, 9 holes, each 9c.
Muffin Pans, 10 holes, each 10c.
Muffin Pans, 12 holes, each 12c.

Stamped Goods.

Momie Linen Splashes, 15c.
Hemstitched Tray Covers, 15c.
Momie Linen Dresser Scarfs, 10c.
Delft Table Covers, 25c.
Stamped Linen Doilies, 5c.
Stamped linen plate Doilies, 15c.
Linen Center Pieces, 18 inches, 25c.
Linen Center Pieces, 22 inches, 40c.
All the above are stamped in the very latest designs. Our pattern department shows more patterns to select from than can be found in the combined stores of Atlanta. We receive every new pattern that comes out as quick as the mail will bring it here.

Center Tables.

The following goods will be on sale tomorrow morning. Each article is much under the regular value; some are sold at cost, some even less than cost, just to close them out quick.

Arlington series of cloth-bound books, 15c or 2 for 25c.
Chrysanthemum Soap, 3 cakes for 5c.

Sheer White Lawn Plaids, 5c yard.

Nice quality India Linen, 5c yard.

Gents' Balbriggan Shirts, 19c each.

Fringed Linen Napkins, 15c dozen.

Large size Linen Huck Towels, 12c each.

Hamburg Embroideries, 5c yard.

Ladies' 26-inch Umbrellas, 50c each.

Stamped Linen Squares, hemstitched, 15c each.

Odd lot Silk Ribbons, 5c yd.

Ladies' Night Gowns, 75c each.

Ladies' Batiste Wrappers, 69c each.

Ladies' Lawn Aprons, 10c each.

Gents' Silk Ties, all kinds, 19c each.

Fine Apron Gingham Checks, 4c yard.

NEW IDEAS.

We are constantly adding new Departments to our already large and attractive establishments. We are constantly looking out for the benefit of the masses. We are cutting prices, it is true, but then the people in general profit thereby. Among our latest additions is a "Book Department." When we say Book Department, we don't mean a few scattering lines of odd books, bought second hand cheap or at auction, but we mean "A Book Store," where all classes of books are kept, where all the most popular books of the day are on sale at cut prices; where standard books are marked at such figures that they are within the reach of every one. Atlanta has for some time past needed just such a Book Department as we are now adding. The lines of standard books, cloth bound, we offer at ten cents, or fifteen cents (2 for 25c), or twenty-one cents are well worth looking over. Lists of titles can be had at the Department Counter in the main aisle.

BOOK DEPARTMENT.

Gem Edition--16mos, Genuine Cloth, 10c Each.

No Reduction for quantities.

Abbe Constantin. Ludovic Helevy At the Green Dragon.
Beyond the City. A. Conan Doyle
Bird of Passage. Beatrice Harraden.

Black Beauty. Anna Sewell
Bound by a Spell. Hugh Conway
By Misadventure. Frank Barrett
Calied Back. Hugh Conway
Case of Identity. A. Conan Doyle

Dark Days. Hugh Conway
Dangerous Cat's Paw. David Christie Murray
Dark House. G. Manville Fenn
Dodo. E. F. Benson
Dream Life. Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel)
Gipsy. For Him.

Forging the Fetters. Mrs. Alexander
Glorious Gallop. A. Hawley Smart
Her Desperate Victory. Mrs. Rayne
Her Sister's Betrothed. Bertha M. Clay

House of the Wolf. Stanley J. Weyman
Hunted Down. Max Hillary
Ideal, Author "The Heavenly Twins." Sarah Grand
Lord Lynn's Choice.

Love Letters of a Worldly Woman. Bertha M. Clay
Lucile. Mrs. W. K. Clifford
Mad Love. A. Bertha M. Clay
Oxford Bibles, Seal Covered, Reference Maps and Concordance List, Price \$3.50. Our Price \$1.25.

Arlington Edition--Bound in cloth, 12mos, 15c Each.

Or 2 for 25c.

Aesop's Fables. Allan Quartermain.
Arabian Nights. Averil.
Child's History of England. Rosa N. Carey

Dora Thorne. Bertha M. Clay
Duke's Secret. Bertha M. Clay
Goldsmith's Poems. Hawthorne
Grandfather's Chair. Swift
Gulliver's Travels. Kingsley
Hypathia. Kenilworth. Scott

Kenilworth. Scott
Lady Audley's Secret. Braddon
Last Days of Pompeii. Bulwer
Marooned. W. Clark Russell
Master of Ballantrae. Stevenson
Oliver Twist. Dickens
Our Bessie. Rosa N. Carey
Peg Woffington. Reade
Pickwick. Dickens

Robinson Crusoe. DeFoe
Rob Roy. Scott
Romola. Eliot
Scarlet Letter. Hawthorne
Sweet Lavender. Pinero
Swiss Family Robinson. Porter
Thaddeus of Warsaw. Thorne and Orange Blossoms.

Thorne and Orange Blossoms. Porter
Tour of the World in 80 Days. Tom Brown. Hughes
Twice-Told Tales. Hawthorne
Woman Against Woman. Mrs. M. E. Holmes

Woodstock. Scott
Yellow Aster. Iota

Besides the above this series comprises about 150 other titles.

Gents' Furnishings.

We are closing out several lines of Men's Negligee Shirts in Madras, Percale, Zephyr at and below cost. Most of these are of the famous "Monarch" brand. If we can give you the size, you can buy fine Shirts cheaper than you ever did before.

Men's Negligee Percale Shirts, good quality of material, fast colors, 50c each.

Men's Madras and Percale Negligee Shirts, either attached or detached collars and cuffs, 75c each.

"Monarch" Shirts, fine fancy Percale bosoms, with white bodies, separate cuffs to match, reduced to 83c each.

All of our \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75 "Monarch" Shirts, very best quality of material, absolutely good washing colors, a magnificent lot to select from, all at one price--98c each.

Gents' Night Shirts, made full length of best Wamsutta material, fancy braid, trimmed with silk stitching, a really first-class article, 65c each.

Gents' Night Shirts, made of light-weight, soft-finish, imported Cambric, plain white; the most comfortable Summer Night Shirt made, 75c each.

Gents' Colored Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, blues and tans, goods formerly worth 39c garment, reduced now to 19c garment.

All sizes Scriven's Patent Elastic Seam Drawers, usually sold at \$1, reduced to 75c.

Gents' real Balbriggan Underwear--the sort we have always sold at 50c garment. They were good value at that. Till this lot is sold we offer them at 39c garment.

All our higher grade Neckwear, 50c and 75c goods, mostly all the desirable shapes and patterns of the season, reduced to 3 for \$1.

Something for Nothing.

This very seldom happens, but once in a while we give away something, and the truth of the above assertion lies in the words "Skirt Making." Yes, we are making Skirts for nothing; we sell you the Material and the Lining, you leave your measure and we send you the Skirt home ready to wear without any further charge. From any of the Colored Woollen Goods or Novelty Dress Goods in our entire department, from one dollar a yard up, we make these free Skirts. They are as well made as the best dress-making talent of this city can turn out, and the goods we give you to select from are not old or shop-worn goods, but they are the very best and most desirable of this season's manufacture. We would also call your attention to our Silk Department. From any fancy Silk in the stock we make Petticoats free. We still show of this season's make a beautiful line of Taffeta fancies in Stripes, Figures, Persians and Printed Warps. Silk Underskirts are considered luxuries, but at the prices we are selling them places them within the reach of all.

Wash Dress Goods.

White Lawn Plaids, have been selling all season at 10c, tomorrow on bargain counter tables at 5c yard.

Imperial Staple Gingham Checks, the quality that is retailed everywhere at 7 1/2c, now 4c yard.

Thirty-inch fine Sheer India Linen at 6 1/2c yard; a grade that cannot be duplicated for less than 12 1/2c.

Imported Fancy Dimities, never sold less than 23c, will be closed out 17 1/2c; a choice assortment left.

Pure Linen Batiste, colored stripes, the most fashionable article brought out this season; they have all along sold at 43c, tomorrow are offered at 25c.

India Silk Organadies, in black and navy grounds, 34 inches wide, new designs, 12 1/2c yard.

Towels and Table Linens.

40-inch Honey-Comb Cotton Towels, Georgia made goods, 5c each. Bleached Honey-Comb Cotton Towels, extra size, heavy, a good wearing article; 1c dozen.

All Linen Huck Towels, size 20x40 inches, hemmed, woven border of fast color, 12 1/2c each.

Knotted fringe Damask Towels, fancy colored borders, extra large size, fine grade Linen, 23c each; formerly sold for 35c.

We offer a special bargain in full 72-inch bleached Damask Table Linen; a superior article regularly worth \$1, for 65c yard.

Quilts.

The famous "Buxton" White Crochet Quilts, full size, Honey-Comb and Marseilles patterns, reduced to 63c each.

Genuine Marseilles Quilt, "The Devonshire," extra heavy quality, beautiful designs, full double bed size, \$1.25 each.

Domestic Sheetings.

Ready made Sheets, well and satisfactorily made, at the cost of material only.

Size 81x90, Pepperell Sheets, \$1 pair.
Size 54x90, Pepperell Sheets, 75c pair.
Size 90x90, Pepperell Sheets, \$1.10 pair.

Size 90x93 1/2, Fruit of the Loom Sheets, \$1.40 pair.
Pillow Cases to match the above.
Pepperell, 42-inch, 25c pair.
Pepperell, 45-inch, 27 1/2c pair.

Fruit of Loom, 45-inch, 40c pair.
Fruit of Loom, 54 inch, 50c pair.
10-4 Bleached Dover Sheetings, the best medium priced Sheetting on the market, 12 1/2c yard.

Shirt Waists.

Ladies' Percale Shirt Waists, latest shapes, full sleeves, 25c each; have been 50c.

Our 75c and 85c Shirt Waists are reduced to 50c each; made of fine Percale, fast colors, all sizes, 32 to 42.

Ladies' best quality Garner's Percale Shirt Waists, 75c each; laundered collars and cuffs. They were \$1 and \$1.25 each.

Ladies' Shirt Waists, both attached and detached collars and cuffs, choice \$1 each. An elegant lot to select from.

Misses' Waists of best Percale, full fronts and yoke backs, laundered sailor collars, 50c each; have sold all season at \$1 apiece.

Skirts Ready to Wear.

Black Mohair Skirts, the 50c yard quality of Mohair, made well and full 4 1/2 yards wide, cambric lined, \$2.50 each.

Black Figured Brilliantine Skirts, 4 1/2 yards round the bottom, lined with rustle cambric, one of our best sellers at \$4.50, now reduced to \$2.50.

Suits.

Ladies' Cloth Reefer Suits, in navy and black, skirt full and reefer tailor made, \$3.90 suit.

Blazer Suit of ladies' cloth, latest cut, a very desirable suit for summer wear, \$3.90. A real bargain.

Reefer Suit of fine all-wool broadcloth, \$10, and are worth \$15. Reduced prices on all of our finer Suits, Scotch Mixtures, Cheviots and fancy Woollen Suits, from \$12.50 to \$25.

Laces and Embroideries.

On bargain center counter tomorrow we will sell all our remnants of Hamburg, Swiss, Mull and Nainsook Embroideries, goods worth up to 25c yard; they are short lengths, but at the price are wonderful values, 5c yard.

Job lot of butter-colored Nottingham Laces, width up to 10 inches, a good line to select from, 10c yard. Exceptional value.

Ladies' and Children's fancy linen colored Batiste Collars and Collarettes, some lace-trimmed, others embroidery edge and inserting. All we have left are offered at 98c each.

DOUGLAS, THOMAS & DAVISON.

KEELY COMPANY

GREAT
CLEARANCE SALE
OF
Genuine Irish Dainties
17¹/₂¢ YARD
THE BEST DESIGNS.

Midsummer

Clearance Sale

Will make next week's trading a pleasure
to the shopping public.

GREAT
CLEARANCE SALE
OF
Real French Organdies
25¢ YARD
Choicest Patterns.

Great Bargains in Carpets,
Slaughter Sale of Suits and Waists,
Great Clearance Sale of Wash Goods,
Opportunities in House Furnishings.

1000—
Shirt Waists,
Formerly 50c, 65c and 75c,
25¢ EACH.
IN CLEARANCE SALE.

This will be the "Acme" week of
Clearance Bargains. Everything in
Summer Stuffs will be slaughtered.
Reliable Bargains will be shown in
every department.

IMPORTED—
Satin Quilts,
Formerly \$2.75 and \$3.00,
\$1.98.
GENUINE MARSEILLES.

The Crowds Continue Attending Our Great Slaughter Sale of Carpets.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE REASONS:

98c.....Fringed End Reversible Rugs.....98c
\$1.69.....Full-size Smyrna Rugs.....\$1.69
75c.....Brussels Rugs, Fringed Ends.....75c

9¹/₂¢.....China Matting, to close.....9¹/₂¢
16c.....Japanese Matting, Linen Warps.....16c
18¹/₂¢.....Double-Dyed Japanese Matting.....18¹/₂¢

49c.....Best Seven Feet Window Shades, Mounted on Rollers.....49c

LACE CURTAINS HALF PRICE.
3¹/₂-Yard Cream Nottinghams; Corbett's price \$1.25.....75c
3¹/₂-Yard Cream Curtains; were \$2.00.....\$1.19
Full-size Irish Points; were \$6.50.....\$3.68
Heavy Irish Point Curtains; were \$10.....\$5.28

SLAUGHTER SALE SPREADS.
Full 11-4 American Marseilles; worth one fifty.....98c
Full 12-4 Crochet Spreads; worth two fifty.....\$1.69
Genuine Marseilles, full size; four fifty Quilts.....\$2.98

Unparalleled Sale of Wash Goods!

A lucky purchase of last week puts us in command of the Wash Goods situation.
Our own stock has been reduced in price to equalize the values. Tomorrow the whole
lot go on Sale at one price.

YOUR CHOICE FOR TEN CENTS A YARD.

Jaconet Duchesse
Linen Ground Mulls
Violetta Lawns

Dresden Printed Lawns
Persian Tulle Chatelaines
Jaconet D'Alsace

Corded American Dainties
Persian 40-Inch Batistes
Dotted Swiss Lawns

10

Some were 12¹/₂¢, others 15¢, still others 19¢; all go in next week's Clearance Sale at.....

Whatever You Want in Wash Goods Now is the Time, This is the Place

BLACK GOODS CLEARANCE!

GREAT ONE PRICE SALE!

Your Choice This Week at.....

39c

Black Imported Figured Mohair Skirtings.....39c
Black Storm Serges, generous width.....39c
Black Surah Serges, fast dye.....39c
Black Tanise in light weight.....39c
Black French Batistes, were seventy-five.....39c

All Ready-to-Wear Garments to be Closed Out at Once Regardless of Former Value.
Prices Obliterated on All Our Ready-made Garments. Next Week Must Close Them Out.
Extraordinary Clearance Sale in Our Departments of Waists, Suits, Skirts and Wrappers.

The Shirt Waist Opportunity of the Season.

25 CENTS.

One thousand Waists, laundered, collars
and cuffs, full fronts, full sleeves, yoke,
backs in Percales and Batistes.....

Were 49c and 65c.

39 CENTS.

Choice of nearly 500 Waists, in stripes
and figured Batistes and Percales, rolling
collars, full sleeves and fronts, fancy yoke.

Were Up to 75 Cents.

49 CENTS.

Figured Lawn Waists, sheer, fast color-
ings, best shapes, newest effects, our most
popular styles. Bargains of the season.

Were Up to One Dollar.

SEE OUR \$2 WINDOW | SLAUGHTER SALE OF SUMMER SHOES | A GREAT \$2 BARGAIN.

A GREAT TWO-DOLLAR-A-PAIR SALE—To our incomparable line of Keely Leaders we will add 2000 pairs of Ladies' Oxfords and Low Cuts, in both black and tan. Some of these were \$2.50, others \$3.00, yet others \$3.50, but to make the Summer Clearance complete we will sell them at the uniform price of..... TWO DOLLARS A PAIR FOR CHOICE.

TWO GREAT UMBRELLA BARGAINS.

450 Paragon Frames, China and Dresden Handles, Silk
Gloria Umbrellas.....85c
Six hundred fine Gloria Umbrellas, with Natural Wood
Crook Handles.....\$1.00

TWO TEMPTING SHIRT BARGAINS.

Sixty-five dozen Gentlemen's Madras Negligee Shirts, col-
lars and cuffs attached.....69c
Thirty-eight dozen fine Negligee Shirts, detachable collars
and cuffs.....83c

Ladies' Underwear
DEPARTMENT

Will Close This Week.

55 Taffeta and Brocade
Petticoats.....\$4.98
Were up to \$9.00.

Bargains in every department of the store. This sale will
prove a Bonanza to the prudent housewife, to the shrewd
shopper and to customers of all classes who wish to obtain
the utmost purchasing power of their dollars.

THE LARGEST SHOE RETAILERS OF THE STATE.

Carpet Department

Is prepared to

Hang for You 250

Mosquito Nets.....

\$1.49

Round or square frames

WE ARE UPSET IN THE RUSH

To get out of the way of carpenters in our Store. Last week we hurried on
with the knife that cut all prices in two.

REMODELING OUR STORE

Has not been harped on or advertised without its being an incontestable truth.
You enter our Store tomorrow and you will find that we are not trying to
deceive you. Nearly one-half of our fixtures are already removed and the
goods all piled up on the opposite side of the house.

THAT'S WHERE THE BARGAINS ARE.

M. RICH & BROS.

Bathing
Suits
For Children
\$1.25 and up

Bathing
Suits
For Gentlemen,
75c and up

Bathing
Suits
For Ladies,
\$2.00 and up

Boys'
Suits
A nice line of too
Colored Duck Suits
to go at
75c a Suit

Boys' White
Suits
Fine White Duck
Suits, marked
\$1.50, to go at
77c a Suit

Shirts
Gents' 75c Negli-
gee Shirts, finest
percale and new-
est colors, only
37c Each

Shirts
Gents' \$1 Negli-
gee Shirts, fine
Madras cloth, only
54c

Shirts
Negligee Shirts,
good value \$1.50,
we will close at
67c

Shirts
Good Laundered
Shirts with col-
ored bosom, only
32c

Night Shirts
Gents' Night
Shirts, embroi-
dered fronts, only
37c

Organdies
Best French Or-
gandies, pretty
patterns, to close
at
20c Yard

Parasols
Our handsome
printed summer
Parasols cut down
from \$1.25 to
50c Each

Ladies'
Waists
All 75c and \$1.00
Waists, handsome
patterns, best val-
ue yet, cut down to
32c

Ladies'
Waists
All \$1.25 and \$1.50
Waists cut still
lower, now
73c

Ladies'
Waists
\$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2
Waists now down
to
98c

We are so upset that it's hard to give a list of prices this week.
There are strong values waiting for you. We must sell our whole
stock. Members of the firm will start for the markets in a few days to
buy fall goods, and we intend to start with a new store, new stock,
new methods, which must point the way to Georgia merchants.

Linings Knifed.

The best French Kid Cambrics, yard only.....3¹/₂¢
15c Silesias, standard, yard.....10c

Embroideries Knifed.

Hamburg, Nainsook and Swiss Embroideries, odd pieces from broken
sets, of very fine goods, worth anywhere from 25 to 75c yard; we
close the lot for.....19c

Notions and Jewelry Knifed.

Ladies' Link Cuff Buttons only.....15c
Ladies' Shirt waist sets with belt pins.....17c
Ladies' Mourning Shirt waist sets.....25c
Ladies' Enamelled Shirt waist sets.....25c
Ladies' Cuff Pins.....25c
Mohair Cord Edge Skirt Binding, 5 yards in a bunch.....10c

Steel Thimbles, each.....1c
2 papers of Hair Pins for.....1c
Best quality Face Powder only.....1c
Silk covered Feather Bone, per yard.....1c
Safety Pins, per dozen.....3c
Fine quality Pearl Buttons, per dozen.....5c
Hooks and Eyes, per card.....1c
King's Machine Thread, per spool.....1c
Handkerchief Extract, good quality, per ounce.....10c
Whale Bones, bunch.....5c
Whalebone Casing, yard.....1c
White Kid Belts, each.....25c
Kid Curls, bunch.....7c
Shirt Waist Sets, with belt pins, set.....7c
All sizes Side Combs, pair.....5c
Children's Purses.....7c

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73c

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Waists now down
to
98c

We have got a stock of Rugs twice the quantity we ought to have.
They are GOING, GOING, GOING this week—Rugs from the smallest
size to those large enough for a room. Also a lot of Ingrain Art
Squares AT ANY PRICE.

EVERYTHING KNIFED.

SILKS, DRESS GOODS, BLACK GOODS, LINENS, TOWELS,
WASH FABRICS—All the Stock Knifed.

FURNITURE (ALL THAT IS LEFT) KNIFED

A Few Bedroom Suits,
A Few Sideboards,
A Few Bookcases,
A Few Rockers.

At a Sacrifice

Couches,
There are a few
Couches in leather
and corduroy for
sale

At Cost

Sideboards,
Any Sideboard in
the house at
Half Former Price

Tables,
There are a half
dozen handsome
Dining Tables

To go at Cost

Hat Racks,
3 or 4 nice ones.
Price Away Down

Lace Curtains
At give-away
Prices.
See Them

FOR RENT.

One Building, No. 14 E. Hunter Street, now connected with our store.
will be rented in connection with or separate from our show rooms.

M. RICH & BROS.,
54 and 56 Whitehall St.

SWEPT TO DEATH

Series of Disastrous Cloudbursts
Break in Colorado.

MORRISON IS A VICTIM TWICE

Golden and Other Towns Yield Up
Lists of Dead.

MANY CHILDREN ARE KILLED

Fearful Fate of Four Young Women
in a Party of Five.

RESCUE WORK IS VERY BADLY DEMORALIZED

While Brave Men Were Seeking For
Dead and Dying, the Second
Cloudburst Drove Them to
Refuge—Horrors Are
Increased.

Morrison, Col., July 25.—A second flood
this afternoon resulted in completely
paralyzing all efforts to recover the bodies
of those lost in the debris of last night's
flood.

The people are worn out with the excitement
and labor of struggling amidst the
rubbish brought down the canyon by the
great wall of water, which, last night
just at dark, surprised the camping families
along the road above town.

At dark tonight the following bodies
have been recovered and identified, the
others are either buried from sight in the
sand or have been carried further
down the stream, and possibly into the
Platte river.

Reports from up the canyon bring the
news that none of the people camping
there were lost.

The list of identified dead follows:
MRS. MORRIS MILLER and THREE children,
of Morrison.
CHILD of C. S. Longnecker, of Morrison.

THOMAS MCGOUGH, aged 21, of Dayton,
O., cousin of Mrs. CASEY, also drowned.
MRS. A. S. PROCTOR, 32 years old, wife of
A. S. PROCTOR, president of the Denver
Tent and Aveling Company, and
THREE of Proctor's children, aged 7,
5 and 2 years.

MRS. T. F. CASEY, 38 years of age,
Denver, and FIVE children, aged 3 to 12
years.

MRS. ANTHONY HERREN, 21 years,
Denver, and FOUR children, aged from
two and a half to seven years.

ANNIE HANSEN, 20 years, servant of
Mrs. Proctor.
MISS DELLA HORNER.
MISS MARY HORNER.
MISS JOSEPHINE HOLMES.
MRS. HORACE M. WARREN, all of
Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Warren, Jr., who
are well known in Brooklyn society, where
their relatives and friends reside, came up
from Denver yesterday on the afternoon
train to spend Saturday and Sunday at
the Horner ranch, up Mount Vernon canyon.
They were met at the station of the Lake-
wood railroad at Golden by the Misses
Horner and Miss Josephine Holmes, also
of Denver, and started for the ranch.

The flood overtook them and the four
ladies were drowned, their bodies being
found this morning buried under brush and
sand about two hundred feet from the
place where the water struck the carriage.
Mr. Warren was swept away and lodged
in the branches of a tree, where he was
afterward found, terribly bruised, but alive.
The bodies of the four women were recovered
today and sent to Denver with the
injured survivor.

Miss Holmes is the daughter of the manager
of the Denver Water Company, and the
Misses Horner are daughters of Judge
J. W. Horner, of Denver.

Seventeen persons in cabins and tents
in Bear creek canyon, a few miles above
town constituted one party. One of the
Proctor children was rescued by the heroic
efforts of two young men, who braved the
flood when at its highest point to save
the child. She says the water came while
they were all in the house and were all
swept away.

The Horner family is now extinct, the
father and husband having died a few
months ago. The Casey family were also
in this party. The Hansen girl was a
servant. Mrs. Miller lived here, her husband
being engaged in mining and was not at
home at the time. The Longnecker family
were up in their home when the flood came,
and saved all but one member
of the family, a little boy.

Story of Yesterday's Cloudburst.
Denver, Col., July 25.—This morning a
terrible state of affairs was revealed at
Morrison, Golden, Central City and other
points in Colorado where last night's storm
raged furthest.

Dead bodies, horribly mangled, were
discovered and at 8 o'clock thirty dead had
been recovered, of which twenty-one were
in Morrison alone. Trains left Denver
early this morning with coffins for the
stricken districts.

The scene of desolation and ruin is
between here and Leadville, on Bear creek.
There were known to be about fifty people
camping in the bottoms, but reports as to
their present situation are very meager.
Coffins have come in stating that all are
safe at Leadville.

From ten miles above Evergreen nothing
has been heard. Many missing bodies are
supposed to be at the bottom of the
canyon. The wall of water was about
fourteen feet high. As the flood passed
down men on the higher ground could
hear the voices of women and children
crying for help, but it was impossible to
get to them.

Scenes Around Golden, Col.
A cloudburst at Golden at 7 o'clock last

night did an immense amount of damage.
Three lives are known to be lost and
thousands of dollars worth of property de-
stroyed.

James Bishop, eighty years of age, was
carried half a mile down the stream and
finally caught a tree, from which he was
rescued some hours later.
His terrible experience has unsettled his
reason.

Golden lies at the end of the canyon
where it debouches into the plains. The
streets are steep and slope to the creek
sides. The water, caught by half a dozen
mountains, came into the streets and
coursed through them, taking everything
of a movable character with it. The lights
went out and travel was dangerous in the
darkness that settled over the place. There
were reports of bodies seen in the creek.
Bowlders three feet in diameter were rolled
down on the Gulf road.

Sand covers the tracks to a depth of three
feet in the city. The new bridge built two
years ago by the Lakewood railroad was
completely washed out, as were all the
bridges across the creek. No idea of the
amount of loss of property can be obtained.
Three bodies, all that are known to have
been lost in last night's flood in this city,
have been recovered. The dead are:

A. J. JOHNSON.
MRS. A. J. JOHNSON.
J. F. EDWARD, all of Golden.

Another Flood Over the Canyon.
Another flood came over the canyon this
afternoon, but no lives were lost. Seven-
teen people came in from Idaho Springs
this afternoon, having left the train at
Beaver Brook and walked in from that
point. They report that the track and
roadbed is about all gone between Golden
and Beaver Brook.

About 1 o'clock last night threatening
clouds came over the hill from the direction
of Morrison. It had been cloudy and
foggy all day and the clouds gathered
in ominous looking masses. Rain fell
in torrents from the start, followed by hail,
then a wall of water from twenty-five to
thirty feet in height came rushing down
Clear creek, carrying everything before it.

The flood lasted about half an hour and
was followed by a heavy rain which con-
tinued until about 10 o'clock. At that hour
a body of water, greater in volume than
the first flood, came down Tucker gulch,
emptying into Clear creek. It was this
second flood that carried away the houses
of Johnson and his wife and which drowned
Mrs. Edwards.

The body of Mrs. J. F. Edwards was
found in Tucker gulch. She leaves a husband
and two children. The body of Mrs. J. F.
Johnson was found two hundred feet
from the site of her house among some
trees. Her husband's body was found in a
tree near Coor's brewery. They had been
caught while in their little cottage home.
The scene around the bed of the creek is
terrible. Water came down Ford street
from Tucker gulch, carrying many houses
with it. On Washington avenue and other
parallel streets the destruction is complete.
Two bridges have been washed out and
three pieces of the Denver Lakewood and
Golden bridge were knocked out by the
force of the Ford street bridge, which
was washed down.

The property loss is estimated to be be-
tween \$40,000 and \$50,000.

COLEFAX TOYS WITH COMMODORE

Cutter Camps Right on the Trail of
the Filibuster.

Charleston, S. C., July 25.—There were
no startling developments in the filibuster
Commodore's case today. At an early hour
this morning she left her stand and started
across the harbor.

The cutter Colefax promptly followed her
down to quarantine, and there both re-
mained until this morning, when they re-
turned to their former positions. During
the day the cutter has had an officer aboard
of the Commodore three times, but for
what purpose it is impossible to learn, as
the United States officials cannot be ap-
proached, and Captain Morton, of the Com-
modore, remains silent when spoken to.

There is nearly a score of Cubans from
New York in the city, who are in constant
communication with the agent of the Com-
modore, and it is thought that they are
going on her, and it is this that the Colefax
proposes to prevent.

FORMER GOVERNOR FOR SILVER.

"Honest John" Davis, of Rhode Is-
land, Convinced.

Providence, R. I., July 25.—Former Gov-
ernor John W. Davis is out for silver.
The governor was at the head of the
affairs of this state in 1887-88 and again in
1891-92, and by his management won the
title of "Honest John" Davis. "For
years," said the former governor to a
correspondent today, "I have been an
advocate of free silver, and I believe
that, no matter who is elected this year,
the time will soon come when the country
will be obliged to adopt a silver basis.

"If a free silver law should be passed
there would be much more money in the
country than there is now. I am convinced
that the United States cannot afford to
well afford to take the lead and European
countries will be sure to follow."

The De Witts are among the most promi-
nent and influential residents of Stanton-
ville. Roland De Witt occupies a fertile
farm adjoining that of Mrs. Adeline Stan-
ton, his mother-in-law, from whose de-
ceased husband the little settlement took
its name. The De Witts are Republicans,
and have been so since the Chicago
convention Roland De Witt has de-
clared to his neighbors that he would not
support the free silver cause, but would
vote for the republican nominees. In this
he has been antagonized by his wife
and mother-in-law, the latter frequently
referring to her son-in-law as a traitor,
deserter and friend of monopolies.

Roland has retaliated by characterizing
the supporters of the Chicago ticket as a
clique of anarchists, populists and crazy
fanatics. Last evening, while at the super-
table, De Witt and his wife became en-
gaged in a political discussion, and Mrs.
De Witt informed her husband that she was
losing his best friends by bolting the repub-
lican ticket.

"Name them!" exclaimed De Witt, springing from his chair.
"Mother is disgusted with your course," continued Mrs. De Witt, "and threatens
to leave you."

"I am not controlled in politics or any-
thing else by a mother-in-law," interrupted
De Witt, becoming more excited. "She can
do as she pleases, but I will stand by my
own business and I will stand to mine."

The mother-in-law happened to enter
the house at this time. De Witt had en-
tered his seat at the table, and was
first apprised of her presence when he felt
the stinging blows from a horsewhip de-
scending in rapid succession upon his head
and shoulders.

Mrs. Stanton had taken the whip from
a corner of the room as she entered. "Take
this and this and this," she cried, brand-
ishing the angry woman as she rained the
blows upon her astonished son-in-law, who
made several unsuccessful efforts to rise
from his chair.

Mrs. De Witt rushed from the room, but
her mother did not leave until she com-
pelled De Witt to beg for mercy. Then she
joined her daughter, and both went to
the Stanton household. Roland De Witt
declared that he will prosecute his mother-
in-law for assault, and his neighbors ad-
vised him to do so.

Ball and Wheel in Waycross.

Waycross, Ga., July 25.—(Special.)—A
game of baseball was played here today
between the Waycross and the city team.
The game was a half mile on Gilmore
road. The crowd was estimated at 1,000.

The bicycle races were as follows:
Championship of Waycross, won by W.
A. Lowber, against Walter Albertson.
Tandem race, won by the same pair.
The races were a half mile on Gilmore
road. A large crowd attended and the
time was excellent.

DANCED IN CHURCH

Two Lumpkin County Girls Give "Coochee
Coochee" at Prayer Meeting.

SEANCE CAUSES CONFUSION

Sheriff and "Shotgun" Walker Arrest

the Offenders.

WILD SCENES ENSUE AT THE JUSTICE TRIAL

Mountain Bully Rushes Into Court

and Judge and Jury Leap from

the Windows.

Dahlonega, Ga., July 25.—(Special.)—Mary
Postell and Julia Townsend, two young
women of this county, were placed in jail
here this afternoon in default of bond.
They are charged with disturbing divine
worship.

J. C. Walker, a well-known farmer of
this county, also to jail at this place,
and his arrest is due to his attack upon
the justice court officials while the two
girls were being tried.

For several days a revival has been in
progress in the Baptist church at Yulevola,
about seven miles north of Dahlonega.
Last Wednesday evening, while the min-
ister was conducting the closing prayer,
Mary Postell and Julia Townsend entered
the little church building in an intoxicated
condition.

The young women rushed down the aisle,
shouting at the top of their voices, to the
utter consternation of the bowed audience.
The two girls were hilarious and joined in
giving a reproduction of the "Coochee-
Coochee" dance, up to date, with varia-
tions. The audience was dismissed in great
confusion and the evening's service was
brought to an abrupt end.

Thursday morning Rev. H. W. Condon,
who was present the night before, had
warrants taken out against the girls. The
warrants were placed in the hands of Sher-
iff Prewitt and he was instructed to ar-
rest the girls.

Julia Townsend was arrested at the
home of "Shotgun" Walker, a mountaineer
living in the neighborhood of the church.
The sheriff was informed that a number
of farmers had surrounded Mary Postell at
her home, and that she was being held
there. The sheriff was told that the girls
would have trouble if he attempted to ar-
rest the woman while her friends were at
the house.

While the officer hesitated, "Shotgun"
Walker volunteered to make the arrest,
and with a flourish of his revolver he
rushed upon his prey. He was met by the
Postell woman. After a brief display of
knives and guns "Shotgun" accomplished
the arrest and the girl was carried to the
sheriff, who was still waiting outside the
house.

Both girls were then placed in a room
and guarded by the officer and "Shotgun"
for the remainder of the day and night.

Judge Flees for Life.

The next morning the sheriff and "Shot-
gun" carried the two women to the resi-
dence of Justice of the Peace Mole and a
commitment trial was held.

The front room of the residence, in which
the justice trials are held, was crowded
with members of the Yulevola church. The
minister was present and he testified that
the conduct of the women at the church
should be punished by an extreme pen-
alty.

The trial was proceeding nicely when a
young farmer named Walker dashed into
the courtroom and demanded the release
of the girls. Walker is known to be a de-
serter from the army and it took only a second
for the judge and jury to grasp the situa-
tion.

As the mountain bully whipped out a ju-
ke knife and raised it in the air, the judge
leaped through an open window, carrying
the state code under one arm and his
cocked under the other. He fled in terror
from the scene and sought safety in a
cornfield near by.

Witnesses and jurors denied their curi-
osity and hurriedly fled. The judge was
seen running through the windows and out
the door. Walker was finally subdued and arrested by the sheriff
and "Shotgun" Walker. The girls were
carried to jail in default of a \$500 bond.

The young women were placed in jail un-
der default of \$100 bonds. They waived
preliminary examination and their trial
will be held within a few days.

The community in which the riot occur-
ed is greatly excited and feeling is run-
ning high. The members of the church are
indignant, while the friends of the girls
are making serious threats. It is asserted
that the young women that they drank the
whisky "for fun" and that they had not
drunk the strength of the whisky and its
results.

SHE HATED A BOLTER.

Woman in New York Teaches Her Son-
in-Law a Lesson.

From The New York Herald.

A heated political argument between Rol-
and De Witt and his wife at Stantonville
last night, ended when Roland received a
severe flogging at the hands of his wife
mother-in-law, who will be prosecuted for
assault.

The De Witts are among the most promi-
nent and influential residents of Stanton-
ville. Roland De Witt occupies a fertile
farm adjoining that of Mrs. Adeline Stan-
ton, his mother-in-law, from whose de-
ceased husband the little settlement took
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joined her daughter, and both went to
the Stanton household. Roland De Witt
declared that he will prosecute his mother-
in-law for assault, and his neighbors ad-
vised him to do so.

SILVER BROKER'S FUNNY TRADE

Sells the Yellow Metal and Buys It
Back at Higher Prices.

New York, July 25.—The transactions in
silver at the stock exchange this morning
were larger than usual, aggregating 500,000
ounces.

The activity had a humorous side to it.
It appears that a broker named Wasser-
mann offered 250,000 ounces in a lump at
68%, presumably with a view of influencing
the stock market.

His offer was at once taken and in less
than five minutes Wassermann took back
the whole amount at 69 and 68% from the
same bullion dealer who had previously
bought 250,000 ounces from him at 68%.

Commercial bar remained 68% and Mexi-
can dollars 63% and 64%.

ABOUT THAT RESIGNATION.

Much Discussed and Somewhat Cussed
in Washington.

Washington, July 25.—(Special.)—In re-
gard to Secretary Hoke Smith's resignation
there is still nothing authoritative, but
rumors are rife. Secretary Smith refuses
to affirm or deny the rumor. His close
personal friends say he will resign. There
is a great deal of talk of the fact that
Cleveland is the place to which he will go,
on the ground that he devalued him about
the status of the financial issue in Georgia
prior to the June primaries, and it is
said that the recent disclosures in New
York have very much disgruntled the ad-
ministration. Everybody here is discussing
the matter and there is mixed up with
the discussion much cussing.

BRYAN CLUB RIGHT IN BOSTON.

Leading Business Men Organize for
Campaign Work.

Boston, Mass., July 25.—(Special.)—Fifty
men met in the city hall this afternoon
to form the nucleus of the first Bryan and
Sewall club in Boston.

Among the number whose names appear
as officers and members are Robert Treat
Paine, Frank K. Foster, H. J. Jacquot and
others engaged in the larger business inter-
ests of the city.

Numerous speeches were made endorsing
the nominees and the platform adopted at
Chicago. The first crude plans for the
campaign were discussed.

LORILLARD AND BERSFORD.

Pierre and the Lord Own and Run
Horses Together.

London, July 25.—The Star asserts that
Mr. Pierre Lorillard and Lord William
Bersford have become racing partners.
According to the paper Mr. Lorillard will
manage the combined stable and the horses
will be trained by Huggins.

FATHER AND SON FIGHT.

Augustus Fleish and His Son-in-Law
Come to Blows Last Night.

Augustus Fleish, who has been connected
with the Atlanta Consolidated Bottling
Works for a long time, and his son-in-law,
Jack Craig, had a difficulty at their home,
45 West Baker street, last night.

It seems that Mr. Fleish made some re-
marks at a saloon yesterday about his
daughter, Craig's wife, which the other
party took exception to. The quarrel was
renewed.

When the police arrived the house was
in a terrible condition, furniture was
broken and the two men were locked in a
room up stairs to keep Craig from
attacking him. No arrests were
made by the officers.

Here's Another One.

Ligonier, Ind., July 25.—The Garrett
Herald, one of the leading republican
newspapers of northern Indiana, edited by
an old soldier, has come out squarely for
Bryan and Sewall. H. K. Miner, its edi-
tor, has been identified with the republicans
since 1860.

A Springfield Convert.

Springfield, Ohio, July 25.—James John-
son, Sr., a prominent republican and ex-
postmaster of the city has declared him-
self for the free and unlimited coinage of
silver and gold.

Langer Swallowed Poison and Died.

Charleston, S. C., July 25.—(Special.)—
The body of Theodore Langer, a white
man, one of good repute, was found by
the undertaker this morning in the lower
divers in Charleston. The body had lain in
the deserted house since last Sunday
night, when Langer ended his life with
poison. He was a well-known sportsman,
and married the daughter of one of the
present city aldermen.

ONLY SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD.

A Boy Monarch Who Rules Over Two
Million Subjects.

Little King Alfonso of Spain is not
the only boy monarch in the world. There
is another lad whose kingdom is in the
hills of Kathmandu, which is 600 miles
from Calcutta, and might be in Mars so
far as reaching it, excepting a foot, is con-
cerned.

The present population of Nepal is some
2,000,000 Indians, known chiefly as Gurk-
has. The capital of this kingdom is in the
hills of Kathmandu, which is 600 miles
from Calcutta, and might be in Mars so
far as reaching it, excepting a foot, is con-
cerned.

Here in this curious old city of Khat-
mandu, 4,500 above the sea, lives the junior
king in a splendid palace, with a retinue
of servants as large as the czar's and a
court as magnificent as the Emperor Wil-
liam's.

The name of this little-known boy king
is now draw in a long breath is Ma-
hara Adhiraj Pritvi Bir Bikram Jung
or Bahadur Sah Sah Bahadur Sumnare
Jung. It is a wonder that a little chap
of seventeen years of age should look
worn out and tired after carrying that
terrible name about with him since he
was an infant.

He is the Indian boy king who is
considered worse than a crime to kill a
cow, and when such a crime has been
committed the offender has always been
beheaded in the presence of the populace.
The Gurkhas worship the most hideous
idols ever seen, their great war god
being one of the most terrible images
in all India—a country where idolatry
abounds. There are some 20,000 slaves
in the kingdom of Nepal. The people both
in and out of bondage are not a happy race.
They dread life even more than they
completely shut out from the rest of the
world, and the boy king, or more prop-
erly speaking, his prime minister, is cruel,
barbaric and selfish to a degree un-
known of elsewhere in these enlightened days.

Nepal is a great agricultural country.
Millions of bushels of wheat are sent out
from this mountain kingdom every year
to consumers in southern India.

Young Sah Sumnare Jung, as the boy
king is called for short, has plenty of
wealth at his command, but there is lit-
tle that he can do with his vast stores
of gold.

INSANE FROM A BLOW

Dr. J. G. Woolsey Is Assaulted by a
Neighbor Near Fayetteville.

DEATH MAY BE THE RESULT

C. W. Martin, the Assailant, Claims

His Wife Had Been Insulted.

AFFAIR CAUSES INTENSE EXCITEMENT

Dr. Woolsey Is Said To Have Written

Mrs. Martin an Improper Note.

Her Husband Resented It.

Fayetteville, Ga., July 25.—(Special.)—As
a result of a fight at Woolsey, ten miles
south of this place, Dr. J. G. Woolsey,
one of the most prominent men in this
part of the state, lies dangerously ill at
his home.

Beckins being injured seriously, if not
fatally, it is believed now that Dr. Wool-
sey has lost his mind.

Dr. Woolsey lives at Woolsey, on the
Atlanta and Florida road, and for many
years has been a successful farmer, mer-
chant and physician. He is also a Baptist
minister and has been preaching in Pay-
ette, Coweta and Henry counties for
thirty years, having been connected with
quite a number of churches. He is
now pastor of Woolsey Baptist church
and bears an excellent reputation among
his large acquaintance, and it was not
until recently, when nearly seventy years
old, did any one say aught against his
character.

A few days ago C. W. Martin, accompa-
nied by his

POPULISTS DEMANDED

Populists Name Him for President Despite Protests

GENERAL WEAVER HAS A PLAN

Says That the People's Party Will Not Consult Democrats.

WILL CAST VOTES FOR BRYAN

It Is Likely That the Silver Leader May Not Be Officially Notified.

WHAT WAS DONE YESTERDAY IN CONVENTION

Reapportionment of the Events and Scenes in St. Louis During the Very Recent Meeting of the Populists—Parsons Defeated Butler.

Convention Hall, St. Louis, Mo., July 25.—(Staff Correspondence)—William Jennings Bryan has just been enthusiastically nominated for the presidency of the United States by the national convention of the people's party.

The action was taken without any negotiation, understanding or entangling agreement.

The convention just adjourned in a fever of indignant excitement, the middle-of-the-road people, composed of the socialists and the Texas delegation, threatening another ticket.

The status of the democratic and populist situation is as follows:

Bryan and Sewall stand as the nominee of the democratic national convention lately held in Chicago. Bryan and Watson are the nominees of the people's party convention in this city just adjourned.

The question of electoral adjustment is left to the several states, the national convention today having been so cleverly handled to the satisfaction of all parties.

This means that in Georgia, for instance, where the democrats do not need populist votes, if they desire, can fuse on their full electoral college and leave intact state and county electors. In Kansas, where 80,000 populist votes which to succeed, will either run Bryan and Watson or Bryan and Sewall, as best suits them.

In the event of Bryan's success, it is altogether improbable that either of his vice presidential lieutenants would be elected, and the question would go to the United States senate, which, it is claimed here, would be sure to elect Sewall as against either Hobart or Watson.

The convention from start to finish has been a succession of dramatic surprises so well timed as to keep up the excitement and interest until the final result of the matter for speculation. The conservatives would swim to the front in a blaze of glory only to be run out of the political arena by the radicals.

There was good generalship on both sides and the forces followed their commanders with precision and make the final result of the matter for speculation. The conservatives would swim to the front in a blaze of glory only to be run out of the political arena by the radicals.

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than the success of their principals in national politics.

Series of Surprises.
The two classes here outlined became welded together as the "middle of the road" whose first objection was the nomination of a straight third ticket, which would help the republicans in the national election in return for republican help in local elections. Falling in that, they insisted that any contemplated union should be based upon proportional division of electoral college votes. The election to go to the populist or democratic nominee, according to what part elected most electors. This would have left the whole matter in uncertainty until the electoral colleges would have acted. It was in the long-drawn battle between these forces that there culminated that series of surprises to which allusions have been made.

The arrival of Senator Marion Butler, of North Carolina, with a solid delegation of ninety-four, at his back, rendered him as attractive as a magnet. His first play was into the hands of the Bryan people, who selected him for the temporary chairmanship, but so skillfully did he hide his hand that the radicals also accepted him, and he became chairman by acclamation.

This pointed strongly to Bryan and Sewall as the duty of the hour, but a knowing tarheel said:

"Don't judge of Butler until he has played his last card. Even then he may be one up on his sleeve."

It was in the debate over the report of the credentials committee that the first battle between conservative and radical was fought, in which the radicals won. This developed the existence of the socialistic element which, though not elected lawfully, had been given seats by the committee.

To sustain the committee, Texas and Georgia held the center, and the conservatives were whipped out by a majority of 46 in a vote of 1,380. The radicals were at first stunned by the realization that they held the majority, but immediately awoke to tumultuous enthusiasm and took charge of affairs. They refused to listen to adjournment, and insisted upon proceeding to the permanent organization, which they regarded as theirs.

Bryan's neighbor, Senator Allen, had been selected for the permanent chairmanship and a vote for him was regarded as a vote for Bryan. Against him the radicals pitted James E. Campion, of Maine. The ballot proceeded amidst noisy demonstration, but it was apparent from the first that there was a splitting of majority, which was the undivided attention of the convention.

An attempt to spring Eugene Debs, by the socialists, was cut short by that gentleman's declination. A Mr. Norton, editor of a socialist paper in Chicago, was then placed in nomination and the fun proceeded. All day long speeches continued until about 4 o'clock, when the ballot was taken, resulting—Bryan, 1,042; Norton, 221.

While the conquerors were sleeping that night over their victory, the radicals were conspiring a mine which was destined to engulf the whole body. The plan was to move to amend the order of business so as to bring on the nomination of vice president before that of president. The claim was that the new alignment should be between the west and south, that while the nomination of Bryan was conceded as an evidence of good faith, some good man from the south should first be selected for the vice presidency.

The whole scheme was traced to the hand of Marion Butler, who found out that he could change the majority of the chairmanship election and thus decide the fate of the convention. The movement was fought bitterly on the floor of the convention, but to no purpose, for when North Carolina played her hand the Bryanites went to the north and the radicals had their turn at the banner carrying.

Again there was an effort made to adjourn, which the North Carolina men resisted, for it was now or never for Harry Skinner, who proved to be the card up Butler's sleeve.

A vote was ordered amidst breathless interest. Upon the stage there sat all the populist United States senators, including Mr. Stewart. There was President St. John, of the silver league. Mr. Bland sat between Governor Waite and Mr. Lease. Mel Branch, who had changed his neglectful suit of the day for full dress, moved up to the front.

Parsons Meets Butler.
It was felt to be a momentous occasion, and momentous it was in more ways than one. For Dr. Parsons, of Milton county, Georgia, felt that he could play a game with Marion Butler, and he did it, as the immortal Truffey would say, "to the queen's taste."

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As to the convention itself, it was composed in the main of a substantial class of men. Their earnestness was undoubted

Unfortunately Governor Stone had given his copy of the telegram to the press and Mr. Bryan's position was fully known. During the debate on Mr. Watson's nomination an incident happened which so broke the esprit de corps of the radicals that it enabled the conservatives to catch breath and return to the search.

One of the Disgraceful Scenes.
When the venerable Senator Stewart, bent with age and his shoulders laden with the service of years, stood before the audience, he was constantly, deliberately hissed off the stage by the "middle of the road" contingent.

"I appeal," said Senator Allen, "to the chivalry of the south to respect this old man whose vote saved you from the force but."

But the hissing went on and amid cries of "Shame! shame!" from the ladies and gentlemen on the stage the venerable old man tottered back to his seat with the feeling of Cardinal Wolsey when he realized how little his heartless monarch appreciated his services.

Many gentlemen advanced toward the senator and apologized for the rudeness, but he refused to speak again. But an hour previous, the same hissing greeted and drove from the stage the representative of Chas. Jones, governor Stone, who had appeared on a fraternal mission.

When this morning the radicals read the story of these outrages in the morning papers under glaring headlines they awoke to the fact that they had carried their intolerance too far. One gentleman said:

"These people have been talking of their ill treatment in the south. Their treatment of Senator Stewart fully explains to me why it is they should receive bad treatment."

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TALK WITH THE HON. THOMAS E. WATSON.

People's Party Vice-Presidential Candidate Tells Why He Will Accept and What He Will Do.

Augusta, Ga., July 25.—Thomas E. Watson, the populist nominee for the vice presidency, is at his home today in Thomson, Ga. Mr. Watson was in his shirt sleeves superintending the painting of his house. He said:

"I will accept the nomination. I yesterday wired Mr. Allen in St. Louis to that effect. I did it in the interest of harmony and to prevent disruption of the populist party, which seemed imminent. Under the circumstances I did what I believed to be best for all interests. The movement for fusion was immensely greater than I had any idea of two weeks ago. I was originally for a straight populist platform and a straight populist ticket, but the demand for fusion was so great it could not be withstood. Total fusion, or adoption of the democratic ticket, would have killed the populist party. As it is the integrity of the party is preserved. Under the circumstances I fully endorse the policy pursued by the convention. There is no reason why I should refuse to receive the support of a man who I agree with me in three essential principles, because he does not agree with me in four. I would rather accept his aid and thank him for it."

If Mr. Bryan accepts the populist nomination, I believe the ticket will be elected. The combination ticket will carry south and west with 233 votes. There are 234 necessary to a victory. Besides there are eastern and northern states that are debatable ground. I should not be surprised to see as great a landslide in favor of free silver as we saw in 1893, and that several states that are now considered reliably republican will go for our ticket and free silver. The only doubt before the supremacy of the populist party in the west is the democratic party, and with the vote of this party, we would carry the west."

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which had come unexpectedly on the people's party.

A long and flowery oration was wound up by the nomination of Bryan, to which nomination another California delegate objected.

The call of states was then continued, Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, in the chair. When Georgia was called Mr. Hunt, of the state, came to the platform. He began his speech by thanking the convention for its action last night in nominating Tom Watson for the vice presidency. He seconded the nomination of Mr. Bryan and predicted an onward march to victory and triumph.

Colonel Claggett responded to the call of Idaho and seconded the nomination of Bryan. It seemed to him that it would be a crime against liberty, a crime against humanity, if the convention failed to secure the union of the great masses of the common people.

Taubeneck Seconds Bryan.
When the state of Illinois was called the nomination of Bryan was seconded by Mr. Taubeneck, Indiana also seconded it. Iowa yielded its time to Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, who, in vacating the chair, addressed the convention in a speech seconding the nomination of Bryan, whom he eulogized as a peerless statesman, one who would, if elected president, see that the free and unlimited coinage of silver should be re-established, and the golden god of Wall street dethroned.

When the state of Kansas was called Mr. Jerry Simpson made a short speech seconding the nomination of Mr. Bryan and eulogizing him.

The delegates of Kentucky put forward as their spokesman Mr. Miller, of Tennessee, who gravely asserted that the people's party was "the young lion in American politics."

He also described Bryan as the "plumed silver knight of the northwest," whom he appeared to know somewhat in the role of "a boy orator."

Mrs. Roberts Makes a Speech.
The delegates from Louisiana put forward as their orator a handsome brown-haired young woman—Mrs. Robert Roberts, of Colorado—who informed the convention that she came from a state where men had the courage to stand up to the women to the right which they demanded for themselves. "We of Colorado," she exclaimed, "mean we of Louisiana (laughter), second the nomination of Mr. Bryan." Mrs. Roberts withdrew amid applause.

Mr. Henry W. Call, of New York, was deputed to speak for Maine and proved to be another specimen of the "boy orator." He spoke of the proposed marriage between populism and democracy, and declared that he knew a just and lawful impediment to it and exclaimed that in the name of the commonwealth he forbade the union (laughter).

He was proceeding to oppose the name of Bryan when Senator Allen called the attention of the Maine delegation to that it was understood to second Mr. Bryan's nomination. The chairman proved to be right with the desire either of Mr. Bryan or of Senator Jones as to who shall be the nominee of this convention."

The rest of Mr. Weaver's speech was read from a type-written copy, and put Bryan in nomination.

Mr. Bryan's name was received with applause, the people's party only two chairs and waving hats. A gigantic wooden cross, surmounted by a golden crown, thus reversing Mr. Bryan's famous epigram, was brought in and carried around the hall. A portrait of Bryan was displayed, and numerous devices were carried around the hall. Some of the inscriptions were as follows:

"Bryan and More Congressmen."
"The People Speak."
"South Dakota, Middle Road, for Bryan."
"For Bryan To Serve Our Homes and Our Country."

Altho delegates joined in the demonstration, except Missouri, Texas, Rhode Island and Wisconsin. After order had been restored General Field, of Virginia, came to the front, and in a short, impassioned speech declared Mr. Bryan the choice of the Virginia delegation, and said that although he had never been around the hall, the convention was marching "to the music of the spheres." That victory stands tip-toe on the mountain tops, and that all which the convention had to do was to accept.

"Now, gentlemen of the jury," he went on—"I mean, gentlemen of the convention (laughter), if you will, let me say that the nomination of William J. Bryan be declared unanimous."

The chairman put the question, and two-thirds of the delegates rose with vociferous shouts of "Aye, aye."

This cry, however, was accompanied by the cry of "No, no," and "Call the roll of states."

Several of the most excited opponents got on the platform and angrily prevented the chairman from declaring the result of the vote. During the uproar Mr. "Stump" Ashby, of Texas, managed to obtain a hearing. He said that Texas was ready to endorse Mr. Bryan's platform, and would endorse the populist platform. To endorse him without that would be the act of chivalry. He did not believe that Bryan, being an honest man, could ignore the democratic platform and stand upon the populist platform.

Stumps Ashby to the Front.
"Let him say so for himself," Mr. Ashby shouted, "and not through an agent. I leave this question with you. I want Texas."

Bryan and we will elect him the next president of the United States." (Cheers.)

Missouri being called, Mr. Livingston, the chairman of the delegation, to which nomination another California delegate objected.

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He also described Bryan as the "plumed silver knight of the northwest," whom he appeared to know somewhat in the role of "a boy orator."

Mrs. Roberts Makes a Speech.
The delegates from Louisiana put forward as their orator a handsome brown-haired young woman—Mrs. Robert Roberts, of Colorado—who informed the convention that she came from a state where men had the courage to stand up to the women to the right which they demanded for themselves. "We of Colorado," she exclaimed, "mean we of Louisiana (laughter), second the nomination of Mr. Bryan." Mrs. Roberts withdrew amid applause.

Mr. Henry W. Call, of New York, was deputed to speak for Maine and proved to be another specimen of the "boy orator." He spoke of the proposed marriage between populism and democracy, and declared that he knew a just and lawful impediment to it and exclaimed that in the name of the commonwealth he forbade the union (laughter).

He was proceeding to oppose the name of Bryan when Senator Allen called the attention of the Maine delegation to that it was understood to second Mr. Bryan's nomination. The chairman proved to be right with the desire either of Mr. Bryan or of Senator Jones as to who shall be the nominee of this convention."

The rest of Mr. Weaver's speech was read from a type-written copy, and put Bryan in nomination.

Mr. Bryan's name was received with applause, the people's party only two chairs and waving hats. A gigantic wooden cross, surmounted by a golden crown, thus reversing Mr. Bryan's famous epigram, was brought in and carried around the hall. A portrait of Bryan was displayed, and numerous devices were carried around the hall. Some of the inscriptions were as follows:

"Bryan and More Congressmen."
"The People Speak."
"South Dakota, Middle Road, for Bryan."
"For Bryan To Serve Our Homes and Our Country."

Altho delegates joined in the demonstration, except Missouri, Texas, Rhode Island and Wisconsin. After order had been restored General Field, of Virginia, came to the front, and in a short, impassioned speech declared Mr. Bryan the choice of the Virginia delegation, and said that although he had never been around the hall, the convention was marching "to the music of the spheres." That victory stands tip-toe on the mountain tops, and that all which the convention had to do was to accept.

"Now, gentlemen of the jury," he went on—"I mean, gentlemen of the convention (laughter), if you will, let me say that the nomination of William J. Bryan be declared unanimous."

The chairman put the question, and two-thirds of the delegates rose with vociferous shouts of "Aye, aye."

This cry, however, was accompanied by the cry of "No, no,"

The Constitution.

PUBLISHED DAILY, SUNDAY, WEEKLY.

The Daily (with Sunday) per year... \$3.00
The Daily (without Sunday) per year... \$2.00
The Sunday Edition (30 to 35 pages)... 200
The Weekly... 1.00

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28 PAGES.

ATLANTA, GA., July 26, 1896.

Patriotism of the Gold Trust.

The official announcement of the gold trust is so plain that not even the blindest voter can misunderstand it. The combine that has heretofore been effectual in forcing gold out of the treasury and reaping its reward by exchanging gold for bonds has come together again, but for another and far different purpose.

Giving to McKinleyism an ardent and enthusiastic support, the members of the gold syndicate perceive that another bond issue, pending the election, would be disastrous to their hopes. They feel that another issue of bonds at this time would arouse the indignation of the people and cause them to rally to the support of the democratic candidates. Therefore, the very result that they have heretofore combined to bring about they are trying to avoid. Instead of fiercely insisting that the government shall give them interest-bearing bonds for their gold, they are carting the precious metal to the sub-treasury and asking the government to give them legal tender notes without interest in exchange for it.

But this is not all. Not only are they now willing to exchange their precious gold for greenbacks, but they have made all necessary arrangements to control the exchange market so as to prevent the issue of gold.

These "observant financiers" may imagine that the people have not dropped to their little game (as the phrase goes), but we think the result will convince them that the honest voters of the country are not fools. These very gentlemen who are now so ready to come to the aid of the government and prevent a bond issue, have on four different occasions announced through their organs that if the government did not issue bonds, its credit would be destroyed. They clamored for bond issues, and now are giving the public to understand that every bond that was issued was in the nature of highway robbery.

And so it was. If the financiers of Wall street can exchange gold for greenbacks now, they could have done the same in 1894. If they can control the exchange market now, they could have controlled it all along. If they can prevent a bond issue now, they could have prevented it from the first.

The people understand this perfectly well and know that they have been literally robbed of \$262,000,000, to say nothing of the interest on that amount. Nothing but the stress of circumstances could compel these eminent financiers to show their hands. They fear that another bond issue at this time would arouse the indignation of the people and make it impossible for the corrupt politicians to deceive them into supporting the McKinley-Hanna trust. And they are so afraid of this that they are now to show the cloven foot in another direction. They seem to close their eyes to the fact that the people will see and understand the motives which have prompted them to exchange gold for greenbacks and to prevent the export of the yellow metal.

It is all so very, very thin that they wonder that sensible men could enter into a performance so certain to attract public attention. Another bond issue would have been in the nature of things. A great many people would have regarded it as a matter of course, as one of the inevitable results of the gold standard; but we venture nothing in saying that the American public was not prepared from the official announcement from the financiers of Wall street that gold has been going out because they will let it so, that bonds have been

issued because they wanted more bonds, and that it has been in their power all the time to control the exchange market so that no more gold would be exported.

We venture to say, moreover, that the public was not prepared for the announcement that these financial patriots would use their power and influence to prevent a bond issue only until after the election.

Well, the people who have been the victims of this unprecedented robbery will settle the whole business in November.

The Two St. Louis Conventions.

During the week there have been two conventions in session in St. Louis—one a populist gathering and the other a meeting of the international bimetallic league.

The convention of bimetallics, fully appreciating the crisis and understanding the importance of uniting all these elements that are opposed to the gold standard, went forward and indicated the patriotic action of the democratic party, and gave its full approval to the nomination of Bryan and Sewall. The unanimity of this endorsement was a marked feature of the bimetallic convention, and showed beyond all question that its members are not office seekers but men devoted to principle and willing to make any necessary sacrifice to uphold it.

On the other hand, the populist convention, making loud and violent protests of patriotism, the delegates fairly foaming at the mouth, so to speak, in their anxiety to uproot and destroy the power and influence of the money power, refused to make full union with the democrats to rescue the people from the poverty entailed by the dear dollar of the British money dealer.

The contrast between the two conventions shows, as nothing else could, the wide gulf that must always lie between those who are animated by patriotism and those who are "on the make."

Those who have voted for the populist leaders did so because they are sincere in favor of financial reform. They are not fools and they are not office seekers. They are patriotic in their impulses.

But, to the credit of the populist convention, be it said, it was almost evenly divided on the question of acceptance of the democratic ticket. The extreme element which did its utmost to defeat Bryan, seated and called to their aid the selfish financiers of Illinois and Wisconsin. These socialists are known to be for the McKinley-Hanna trust, its paid agents. Their party in California had already declared for the gold standard, and when a faction of the southern populists voted to seat them, it did so with wide-open eyes.

This action, finding that it could not attack Bryan successfully, proceeded by indirection. It opened a fight on Sewall, and by this means showed that its refusal to accept him was in the nature of an announcement that it would not accept Bryan. The attack on Sewall was because he is engaged in the business of banking. Men ready to surrender their principles when the agents of McKinleyism crooked their fingers, pretended to be able to see any difference between a national banker, heartily in favor of the free coinage of silver, and a national banker, ready to spend a part of his profits to perpetuate the gold standard.

The fact that the overtures of the McKinley-Hanna trust were successful is not a credit to the populist leaders, but is no reflection on the populist voters, for they had no part in the business. They will stand by their principles, vote for the democratic candidates, and have the satisfaction of knowing that they have contributed to the overthrow of the gold syndicates and the money sharks. The democratic party has made its fight on principle, and those who have voted with the populists will not be less patriotic.

Bimetallism in the East.

Republican leaders are beginning to open their eyes to the fact that success even in the eastern states is by no means assured.

When the campaign first opened the republicans were bold enough to claim everything in sight. Within the last few months, however, this feeling of confidence has considerably abated; and, without making any rash predictions, the republicans will do well if they carry the New England states alone.

In this campaign the people are thoroughly aroused. Never before have they shown such a disposition to think and study for themselves.

Since the adoption of a free coinage platform by the democratic convention in Chicago, a strong silver sentiment has made its appearance in the east. Even in the citadel of gold itself the friends of the white metal have sprung up who claim that success is within their grasp.

Men who have consistently voted the republican ticket for years recognize the fact that existing conditions are due in a large measure to republican legislation on the financial question. In large numbers these same men are today advocating democratic reform. Since the republican party has espoused the single gold standard, they can no longer remain in the ranks of that organization. With enthusiasm, therefore, they have planted themselves under the democratic banner and will work for the success of the ticket this fall.

Writing of the situation in New York and New Jersey, William E. Sackett, a well-known political writer, says:

I am astounded at the progress the free silver men are making in New York and New Jersey. Do you know that of the seventy-two delegates who went to New York to Chicago, from in their convictions for a single gold standard until international agreement could be effected, forty of that number returned to their homes converted to the free coinage of silver platform of the convention? Of the twenty delegates from New Jersey sixteen returned declaring their intention to work for and support the free silver plank. They declared this not so much because they

deemed it their duty to abide by the action of the convention, but because they had become red-hot enthusiasts for free coinage. Today they believe in it as firmly as they believed in gold a week before the convention was held.

The most astonishing thing concerning the rapid strides of free silver in these two states is that it is in direct opposition to the action of the gold standard. The newspapers are almost a unit in opposing free coinage, many of the democratic papers being even more rabid in their denunciations of it than the republican papers, but, notwithstanding, the movement is growing, and growing so rapidly that it will not surprise me in the least if the electoral votes of New York and New Jersey are cast for Bryan and Sewall. I have just made a trip through each of these states, and I found everywhere outside of the large cities an enthusiasm for the free coinage of silver that has startled me. The friends of sound money will have hard work to counteract this growing sentiment before November arrives.

This tells the whole story. Wherever the issues before the American people on the money question are fully understood, the spontaneous verdict of the people is just the same.

Until the present policy of republican finance is changed, there can be no hope of national prosperity. There will be continued suffering among the farmers and business generally will be at a standstill. At this important crisis the democratic party comes to the rescue and offers to lead the country back to its former prosperity and independence.

Spanish Officers Mercenary.

Quite a new wrinkle has made its appearance in the Cuban situation within the last few weeks.

Instead of prosecuting a vigorous campaign against the insurgents and putting a stop to the revolution as soon as possible, the Spanish generals are merely keeping up a show of hostilities. Having securely fortified themselves against the Cubans, they have shrewdly escaped anything like a general engagement with the Cuban forces as yet. Just how long this immunity from actual bloodshed will continue is a problem which cannot easily be solved at this time. What the Spanish officers want, however, is a long protracted campaign with just as little hard fighting as possible.

In justice to the courage of these Spanish officers it may be said that what deters them from giving battle to the Cubans is not the fear of death which a coward feels, but rather the hope of monetary gain which they expect to derive from a lengthy campaign on the island. While engaged in military operations the salary which they receive from the Spanish treasury is double that which they receive at other times. Mercenary and not patriotic reasons, therefore, explain the tactics of the Spanish officers in Cuba.

Mr. Joseph Perlman, a leading citizen of Baltimore who has extensive commercial dealings with the Cubans, has just returned from a visit to the island. Mr. Perlman states that Spain is wholly ignorant of the condition of things in Cuba. Instead of subduing the insurgents she has only succeeded in arousing more effectively the areas of revolution within Cuba. She will eventually melt her fetters. Within the last eighteen months the Spanish generals have reported to the home government something like 16,000 decisive victories. As a matter of fact, however, not a single decisive victory has been achieved.

In discussing the situation in Cuba, Mr. Perlman says:

The truth of the matter is that the royal Spanish in Cuba have come to the conclusion that the cause of the revolution is the prosecution of the work are not at all anxious to see hostilities ended. So long as they are doing war duty they are getting double pay, with a chance of promotion every time they report a victory, and the way they report victory is by making up a charge of the triumph of the Spanish army over the insurgents. They are not trying to force the issue at all, but are playing a waiting game, in the hope of ultimately turning Spain completely out.

On the false reports which Spain has received from her generals in Cuba she has been induced to vote large sums of money and to encumber herself with a heavy national debt for the purpose of prosecuting military operations on the island.

Instead of planning her fight blindly to the men who she has put at the head of her forces, it might be well for her to investigate the 16,000 victories which her officers have reported.

Such a drain as the one from which she has suffered during the last eighteen months cannot last forever. There is a limit to the resources of even such a powerful nation as Spain, and unless she opens her eyes at once to the gravity of the situation, the result of the confidence which she imposes in her generals may not only be the loss of Cuba, but the sacrifice of her own domestic independence.

What Electricity Has Done.

During the last twenty-five years the progress of electrical experiments in this country has been something marvelous.

Prior to 1867 but little was known of this strange force. Up to that time the only achievement of any consequence which science had evolved from the study of this dangerous element was the electric telegraph. To the mind of the average person the term, electricity, conveyed no other idea except one of muttering thunder storms and momentary flashes of lightning.

Though Benjamin Franklin had made an experiment with his kite on the Boston common as far back as the last century, it was not until almost a hundred years later that any definite progress was made in this department of science.

In the marvelous unfoldings of the last twenty-five years, however, the eyes of the civilized world have watched with astonishment the strange and startling revelation of the electric spark. Invention has followed invention until eastern legends have at last been fully realized and the lamps of Aladdin are found on every street corner.

The invention of the electric dynamo, in 1867, marked the first of a long and brilliant series of electrical achievements. It was not until 1882, however,

A SUNDAY SYMPHONY.

Love's Visitor.

I see her in the near light—the far light.
In the morning, when the beam is on the dew,
In the evening when the shimmer of the starlight
The tangle of the vines comes peeping through.

And her eyes as in the fair and faraway time
Are beautiful and tender; and her cheek
Is fragrant with the freshness of the May-time,
But the rosy lips are silent when I speak.

Perhaps the woven love words that I bring
Her treasures in sweet silence—little words
She'd rather hear the songs God's angels sing
Than listen to the lowlier songs of earth.

Yet wherefore from the seraph-guarded portal
Beyond, where streams the dark, dividing sea
Whose waters lave the shore we name immortal,
In light and night comes back my love to me?

Forever comes! . . . O doubting heart!
Howe'er its walls may tower the stars above,
With gates that look down on the unforgotten,
Can still the hands that love holds out to love!

—Frank L. Stanton.

Behind on Crow.

"If I could get lost enough to let them
Crows," said the old farmer, "I'd make my fortune!"
"You would?"
"Shore as life! That's the biggest kind of demand for em now. Turkey ain't nowhere!"

Don't mistake the bird when the prescription
Calls for crow. Nothing but the genuine article will do you any good.

The statement that "the ship of state is coming into port" proves that the voters are getting tired of whiskey.

"I wish to goodness," said the Old Crow,
"that they'd settle this financial business one way or another. It was pretty hard lines for me before, but now it looks like the whole country is gunning for me!"

The Ambitious Sea.

"It's pretty high," said the big wave to Cumberland, "but I'm going to wet that bathing suit yonder or bust!"

And then it yander leapt over a brother billow, and just did make it!

The great cryptogram of the St. Louis convention is enough to puzzle even Ignatius Donnelly.

Any poet or campaign orator can easily melt an audience in this bloomin' weather.

We hear of a campaign agitator who "speaks in his shirt sleeves." Most of them, however, hire a kin and speak in public.

He Drew the Line There.

"I think, 'John,' said the old man, thoughtfully, "that you'd better not run for congress!"

"Well, I don't cost much to feed you in the legislature, and I kin starve that all right; but hanged if I kin board you in Washington. Hit's too costive!"

We notice that The Penny Magazine is capturing the fifty-dollar authors.

The August magazines are out on time, and the high-priced ones still prove that "time is money."

Edgar Fawcett has a charming style. There is no prim magazine millinery about it.

Bliss Carman writes like a sailor about the sea—in fact, somewhat better than a sailor.

A New Departure.

"Who would a-thought it!" exclaimed the old man, rapturously; "here's John turned out to be a writer for the papers."

"It's a fact! Here's a paper what says he sells books cheaper 'n' cheaper, and that they just can't beat him on flour, and his name signed to the whole piece!"

The vote of Maine is heavy, but Sewall is strong enough to carry it.

And now the poet jumps into a bath tub of cracked ice and fills the order for the Christmas poem.

The thermometer is a very early riser these July mornings.

The Bryan Friend.

"I remember that when Bryan and I were studying law together—"

"Here's a good joke," Bryan told me one day when we were going in swimming together.

"I recollect that when Bryan was boarding at my mother's house—"

"Bryan beat all the boys speaking when we were at school together."

"I am reminded that when I first voted for Bryan—"

"I was the first man to predict that Bill Bryan would—"

"Of course, I don't expect any office, but if Bill Bryan remembers—"

The Billville Banner.

Next year will be a great year for farmers. The goldbugs have about eaten up all the crow in the country.

We don't want the nomination for president or vice president on any ticket. It's about all we can do to manage the business of road over.

None of our family is related to Bill Bryan. There are two or three grocery bills in the family, but that's about as close as we can get to it.

They tried to lynch a man up north the other day. Imitation is the sincerest flattery. We therefore take courage and press on.

STATE POLITICAL NOTES.

Hon. Alex. Atkinson, candidate for state senator from the sixth senatorial district, in a recent interview with The Jackson Times is quoted as follows:

"I am in the race to meet any candidate that can be trumped up. I have no fear of the result, and if an independent, a populist or any other person, desiring to measure strength with me in the coming election, I am ever ready and willing to meet him in open debate before the people."

What do you think of an independent ticket?

"I can only speak so far as regards the race for state senator. I am the nominee of the democratic party for this position, and I do not apprehend the least opposition from an independent candidate."

Mr. Atkinson is so certain of being elected that he has already begun negotiations for a

ON THE SIXTH FLOOR.

It was Sunday, and only a few members of the big daily were at their desks on the sixth floor. The afternoon was drawing to a close, when the managing editor came down from his office and proceeded to give his subordinates a little good humored chat before taking his departure.

"That was a capital snake-story you had about populism," he said to some of the busy writers, at the same time glancing significantly to the others. "I don't see how a man who is so afraid of snakes can write such a horrible story about them."

The snake story writer smiled with a look of gratified pride.

"Oh, I am not afraid of snakes," he replied. "I have not seen one for years, and a man who spends most of his time up here is not likely to see one."

"Well, I don't know," was the other's response. "I have seen snakes all over the center of the city. They crawl out of the sewers."

"The snake story writer smiled with a look of gratified pride."

"Oh, I am not afraid of snakes," he replied. "I have not seen one for years, and a man who spends most of his time up here is not likely to see one."

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MR. CLEVELAND.

Lawrence News: The man who has filled the highest position within the gift of his party for eight years could not so degrade himself by giving up his office as to remain loyal to his party while enjoying the office it has bestowed upon him. Only a man whose name turns around in his mouth can be so stupid as to do this. Mr. Cleveland, and then you can see as you please.

Arkansas Gazette: "Cyclone" Davis, of Texas, says he would rather be "born from limb to limb" than give up his populist principles, but he draws the line at having his tongue torn out.

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with another boy
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else any one pres-
then Mrs. Bryan
women who have
ideal nominees. A
in of almost every
tactically declared
a democratic nominee
in if she lost both
has intelligence of

is an advocate of all practical education. If she had sufficient time, her inclinations are such that practical educational movements would receive her active support.

Outside of school the mother keeps her eyes on the children's studies. A while ago one of the children hadn't received the desired percentage in one study, and Mrs. Bryan ruled that until the necessary rating was reached the girl should not be allowed out.

She is a Cyclist.

Bicyclists are fondly toward Mrs. Bryan. She knows the charm of the wheel, although she does not ride very much at present. She believes in a moderately amiable wheeling. No bloomers or advanced bicycle suits have captured Mrs. Bryan. She wears an ordinary walking dress when she rides.

Next to her husband and family Mrs. Bryan's pride is the Lincoln Society. It does not belong to the federation of clubs, but is in the Nebraska State Federation. The Lincoln Society has a membership of twenty-five, to which number are always on the waiting list. No one is admitted who has not some claim to membership. Interest in current events or some special excellence in other directions.

GOSSIP OF SOCIETY.

Mrs. Dr. A. S. Bridwell left last Thursday for Lithia Springs, where she will spend the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Carrie Kros, the charming daughter of Mrs. J. E. Kros, is visiting friends in Marietta, Ga.

Two elegant dinner parties were among the formal gaieties of the week. Major and Mrs. Livingston Smith entertained twelve guests Tuesday evening at dinner in honor of Miss Elise Robertson. The occasion was characterized by that brilliancy and elegance characterizing their every entertainment.

Thursday night Mrs. Caro Lewis Gordon entertained twenty-two guests in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Preston Arkright. The table decorations were artistic in a combination of pink, carnations and madonnas. Among those present to meet Mr. and Mrs. Arkright were: Mr. and Mrs. Burton Smith, Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, Miss Colquitt, Miss Bruce, Miss Joan Clark, Miss Snook, Miss Fowler, Miss Wallace, Miss Hammond, Miss Goldsmith, Messrs. V. Smith, Callaway, Pope, Taylor, McCune, Carter, Colquitt and Signor Rendezer.

The Misses Rich have returned from North Carolina.

Miss Adah Alexander has returned from a visit to Nashville.

Messrs. P. Compton Miller and Charles D. Atkinson have returned from a pleasant tour to New York.

Mrs. J. S. Hogue, Mrs. W. H. Burnett and little son, Charles, of Madison, are among the guests at Porter Springs.

Dr. Sheppard W. Foster and wife leave tomorrow morning for Asheville, N. C. Dr. Foster is a member of the Southern Dental Association which meets in that city early in the week.

Mrs. Foster will visit Saratoga, where he will attend the session of the National Dental Faculty.

Misses Mary Macaulay and Annie Lizale are visiting the family of Rev. W. Wing in Gainesville, Fla. They are having a gay time in the fashionable summer society set there.

Mr. W. S. McNeal and family will return today from Indian Spring.

Miss Eliza A. Scoville, sister of Mr. George W. Scoville, is spending the summer at the Wigwam, Indian Spring, next week.

Mrs. Paschal Hall of Lynchburg, Va., will visit her sister, Mrs. W. H. Scoville, at the Wigwam, Indian Spring, next week.

Captain and Mrs. J. B. Hollis left last night for Norfolk, Old Point, Washington, Baltimore and Rockbridge, Alabama Springs, Va., and other resorts of the southeast. They will be away several weeks, spending most of the time at Rockbridge, Alabama Springs.

Miss Mary Lou Good, a charming and popular young lady of Marietta, is in the city, visiting friends and relatives. She is stopping with her sister, Mrs. Charles Daniel, at 123 Coulson.

A marriage of much interest to Atlantians is that of Mr. Preston S. Daniel to Miss Della Marceline Sanders, which takes place in Charleston, S. C., on the 28th instant. Mr. Daniel leaves for Charleston today upon the happy errand of seeking his bride. No cards have been issued and the marriage will be a very quiet one on account of the recent death of Mr. Daniel's mother. Miss Sanders is one of the fairest daughters of the old Palmetto State, possessed of rare beauty of face and form and endowed with all the graces of mind and heart that constitute ideal womanhood. Mr. Daniel is one of Atlanta's most popular young men, of high business qualifications. He is now connected with the United States Bond and Mortgage Company.

After August 3d Mr. and Mrs. Daniel will be at home to their many friends at the residence of Colonel and Mrs. I. W. Avery, corner Sixth and Juniper streets.

Mr. Henry Durand is in Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Roberts are in Indian Spring. Both have been ill for some time but both are now rapidly improving.

Hon. M. Camp, accompanied by Mrs. Camp, left for Cumberland Island last night, where they will remain ten days or two weeks.

Miss Garcia has returned from a trip to Niagara Falls and Canada.

Mr. Henderson Hallman is sojourning at Crystal Springs, Tenn.

Miss Lillian Virginia Dent, after a delightful visit to friends in the city, has returned to her home in Newman.

Miss Fannie Strickland, of Columbus, is the guest of Mrs. Pink Smith, of West Atlanta.

Mrs. F. B. Florence and Master George Amos Florence are summering in Sparas, Ga.

Miss Mattie Amos has returned to Sparta after a delightful visit to relatives in the city.

Mrs. R. E. Garrison is on a visit to relatives and friends at her former home in Athens, Ga.

Misses May and Ella Fincher are visiting relatives in Dalton.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Roberts will spend some time at the Wigwam, Indian Spring.

Among the Atlanta people summering at Turner's Hill are Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Burn and family, Major and Mrs. Leyden, Colonel W. S. Thomson and family, Mrs.

Think a moment. We are making Pants to measure for \$2.95. We sold the same goods all spring for \$4.00 to \$8.00. Nearly a thousand men have taken advantage of these great bargains. Can you afford to miss it? We guarantee perfect satisfaction. Davis Tailoring Co., 14 Peachtree street.

Eustace Speer, Mrs. Jack Sullivan and Mrs. Hill.

Messrs. H. L. Good and A. L. Sloan leave today for Washington city and other points.

Miss Mattie Williams has returned to the city after several weeks spent with relatives in north Georgia.

Mrs. Charles M. Roberts and her little daughter are spending the summer at Lithia Springs.

Miss Odessa Snelling has left for a three weeks' sojourn at Indian Spring.

Mrs. A. C. Billups and her two interesting little daughters, Misses Alice and Mary, leave today for an extended trip through Alabama and Tennessee.

Mr. George Blount and his sister, Miss Minnie Lou, are enjoying a house party at Waverly Hall, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. L. W. Stanford. They will visit Oak Mountain and Warm Springs before returning to Atlanta.

Miss Laura Mae Johnson, a popular young lady of this city, is spending the summer at Seawane, Tenn.

Mrs. H. A. Harwood and Miss Bertha Harwood leave tomorrow for Gainesville, Fla. They will also visit Tallahassee and other places before their return.

Miss Annie Gershon, of St. Louis, is the guest of Mrs. George Gershon, 24 Whitehall.

Messrs. Charles D. Horne, Will Draper, Hugh Fowler and Allan Smith are at Look-out for a few days.

Miss Perry Henderson, after a delightful visit to friends with Mr. and Mrs. J. Nolan of McDonough, has returned to her home in this city.

LaGrange, Ga., July 25.—(Special).—Two house parties in LaGrange this week afford the young people much pleasure. One is at the home of Lieutenant J. P. Thornton, given by his son, Steve, in honor of Misses Nannie Sue and Ruth Hill, of the Gilliam, Gabriella and Belle Laffler, of West Point; Annie Mae Hall and Lulah Slaton, of Atlanta; Florida Clark, Leora Edmondson, Cornelia Willis and Maggie Swanson, of LaGrange; and Messrs. W. A. Harris, Macon; John Johnson, Soot Baker, Horace and Phil Lanier, West Point; Chas. M. Ferrall, Bob Ridley, Gus Cox and Nathan Bell Dozier.

The other house party is given by Henry Banks, Jr., at his father's home on Broad street, where as guests are Misses Carrie Melton, of West Point; Fannie May and Annie Burks, of Atlanta; Mary Robinson, of LaGrange; and Misses Belle and Annie Lizzie Strong and Sarah Hobbs, of LaGrange, and Messrs. Will Shannon, of Elberton; Alfred Rogers, of Dunham, of Atlanta; D. C. Cox, Gus Tomlinson, Charley Roper and James Callaway, of LaGrange.

The Young Matrons' Club met Thursday afternoon at the suburban home of Mrs. R. G. Swanson. The president, Mrs. Louis R. Swanson, presided. Mrs. J. B. Morgan, vice president, presided. Mrs. Joseph E. Dunton rendered a solo on the piano. Mrs. J. B. Harris sang "The Spider and the Fly." Mrs. P. R. Abrahamson entertained the club with a selection from Jerome K. Jerome, "On the Weather." Miss Annie Burks rendered on the piano. Mrs. J. B. Harris sang a solo. The following ladies were unanimously elected: president, Mrs. C. V. Trull; vice president, Mrs. J. B. Harris; secretary, Mrs. A. T. Nunnally; and treasurer, Mrs. P. G. Atwell. The refreshments were served at 7 o'clock. The lawn beneath the great spreading oaks.

Covington, Ga., July 25.—(Special).—Major and Mrs. John B. Davis are entertaining a select company of friends at a house at the end of the city, midway, in honor of the home-coming of their son, Mr. Rogers Waddell Davis, a young business man of Tall, Ga. The party is composed of the following: Messrs. Allen and Mary Walker, of Monroe; Louise Rogers, of Savannah; Ruth Saunders, of Penfield; and Pauline Horton Askew, of Atlanta. Mrs. Rogers, Grattan Colvin, of Atlanta; J. Ellis Hall, of Griffin; Brooks Clarke and Burton Davis, of Atlanta.

Misses Laura and Marion Cooper, of Savannah, are here on a visit to Mrs. H. M. Speer.

Miss Laurie Jones, of Marietta, is visiting Lilla Ivy, on Monticello st.

Captain and Mrs. James M. Pace, Mrs. James G. Lester, Mr. John H. Echols, Misses Annie Pace, Charley Porter and Oliver Starnes, who have been for some time at Cumberland Island, are now at home.

Mrs. Dr. A. D. Olds, who has been on a visit to her parents, Captain and Mrs. R. B. Roman, of Floyd street, has returned to her home at Chapel Hill.

Loganville, Ga., July 25.—(Special).—The young ladies of this place gave a leap year party complimentary to visiting young men last Tuesday evening. The party was given at the home of Mrs. C. N. Floyd. Among those present were: Misses Lurline Lott, Lillian Langford, of Media, Rockmore, Mary Watson, Ellen Watson, Murtice Webb, of Lawrenceville; Lillian Smith, Kate Rockmore, Jewell Bugh, of Atlanta; Edie Rogers, and Messrs. Newman Braswell, Audie Cox, Bert Smith, Homer George, W. Oscar Braswell, Charley W. Braswell, Lynn Brown, Quinn Braswell, Willie Smith, Tave Wadsworth, Abbe Cooper and Samuel George.

Miss Murtice Webb, of Lawrenceville, who has been visiting Miss Stella Rockmore, has returned home.

Dr. A. J. Cook, of Monroe, is spending a week at the home of Mr. C. C. George.

Miss Claudie Stinchcombe, who has been visiting friends here, has returned to her home at Monroe.

Dr. R. A. Cook, of Monroe, is visiting here this week.

Miss Edzie Rogers, who has been assisting her brother-in-law, Professor R. A. Whitworth, in the management of the institute, and who was called away to her home in Nashville on the death of her sister some time ago, has returned to Loganville.

Miss May Pargett, of Decatur, will visit Mrs. A. C. Cooper soon.

Mr. Bert Smith was the guest of friends in Social Circle part of this week.

Billich, Ga., July 24.—(Special).—Misses Minnie and Annie Laurie Billich are entertaining quite a merry party at their beautiful colonial homestead at this place, situated on the Ogeechee river, and with a background of well waving pines and hanging oaks it has all the environments to render it one of the most picturesque spots in Georgia. The young people attending the party are: Misses Daisy Mitchell, of Thomasville; Leola and Genita Garrett, of Augusta; Julia Harris, of Barnevillie; Susie Mitchell, of Savannah; Hattie Mae Mitchell, of Atlanta; Annie Laura and Minnie Billich, and Messrs. Byron B. Bowers, of Bainbridge; Will D. Burn, George Shivers, of Savannah; Will Spain, of Quitman, Ga.; James Callaway, Herring Winship, James Heriot, of Macon, and Jack Billich.

Griffin, Ga., July 24.—(Special).—Judge E. W. Beck, W. H. Beck and T. R. Mills left today for a three days' visit to Indian Spring.

Mrs. E. F. Culpepper returned this morning from a two months' visit to relatives in Knoxville, Tenn.

Misses Lillian and May Crenshaw are spending today in Atlanta.

John C. Courtney, of Atlanta, spent today in Griffin on business.

Mrs. J. B. Rogers, of Atlanta, returned home this morning from a visit here to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Patrick.

Macon, Ga., July 25.—(Special).—Miss Nina Gibbs, of Alliance, is on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Smith, on Plum street.

Miss Lillian Dumas left yesterday for a

visit to friends and relatives in Jones, Baldwin and Butte counties. She will be gone until September.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Abel, accompanied by their niece, Miss Willie May Abel, left last night for Cumberland, where they will spend a few days.

Arrivals.—Warm Springs, Ga.

Joe Cain, Americus, Ga.; J. C. Grady, Apalachicola, Fla.; Mrs. L. R. Allen, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Henry Woolfolk, Mrs. G. L. Chandler, Columbus, Ga.; A. B. Bower, Charles H. Williams, Jr., Atlanta, Ga.; John A. Cobb, Americus; F. E. Bruhl, Macon; Randall Clifton, Miss Mary McKinley, Mrs. H. Dexter and daughter, A. E. Kerklind, P. N. Hill, C. B. Battle, wife, three children and servant, C. A. Dexter, Mod. Dexter, John D. Little, J. K. Orr, Columbus, Ga.; John Keely, James V. Dunlap, A. L. Kutz, E. P. Chamberlin, Mrs. E. P. Chamberlin, Miss Jennie Harden, Anton, Ga.; Mrs. J. P. Murray, Mrs. G. D. Ticknor, T. E. Blanchard, Henry B. Kerklind, P. N. Hill, C. B. Battle, wife, three children and servant, C. A. Dexter, Mod. Dexter, John D. Little, J. K. Orr, Columbus, Ga.; John Keely, James V. Dunlap, A. L. Kutz, E. P. Chamberlin, Mrs. E. P. Chamberlin, Miss Jennie Harden, Anton, Ga.; Mrs. J. P. Murray, Mrs. G. D. Ticknor, T. E. Blanchard, Henry B. Kerklind, P. N. Hill, C. B. 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Finest sea beach in the south. Fishing unexcelled on the continent. Street cars free to the beach. Naptha launch and fleet of rowboats. Splendid livery appointments. Bicycle livery and plank walk to the beach for cyclists. Orchestra of seven pieces.

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SPECIAL SUMMER RATES. With attractive features for families during the summer months. Write for terms. F. W. ADAMS, use 25c-50c-10c.

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For information about improvements made last season, also rates, etc., address J. C. S. TIMBERLAKE, Manager.

HOTEL CHAMBERLIN Old Point Comfort, Virginia. Now Open for the season. Reception of Guests. SUMMER RATES \$21.00 PER WEEK.

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June 21st-31st sun wed fri

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Porter House.

Parties contemplating a visit to the mountains of North Carolina for health or pleasure would do well to try Andrews, N. C. Stop at the Porter House, where you can have nice accommodations in every way for little money. Livery stable in connection with the house and you may be sure of an experienced driver. Mr. Stephen Porter will make it pleasant and interesting for you.

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25° STEAMER TRUNKS 25° Patent Automatic Revolving Tray. For next 30 days a special cutof 25 per cent. on all Steamer Trunks. Brass Bound, Sole Leather Bound or Steel Bound. Special low prices on all goods. Only complete line in the city. Call and be convinced.

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Half Brother to the COLUMBIA THE HARTFORD BICYCLE.

Pattern 1.....\$65.00
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Second to none but the Columbia. Has the Columbia pedals, the Columbia self-oiling chain, Columbia saddle and Columbia tires. Superior to many machines listed at \$100. Is thoroughly guaranteed by the Pope Manufacturing Company.

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Bargains in Railroad Tickets--Combination Sale.

\$7.18 Tickets Sold for \$1.50. The Georgia Railway and the Middle Georgia and Atlantic will sell round trip tickets from

ATLANTA TO MILLEDGEVILLE and return for

\$1.50 ON WEDNESDAY JULY 29,

GOOD FOR ONE DAY ONLY. These tickets are not old style or shop-worn, but are up to date in every particular. This remarkably low rate is made for the purpose of enabling the citizens of Atlanta to take a pleasure trip to the beautiful city of Milledgeville and suburbs, including the Georgia Lunatic Asylum. Stops will be made at all points along the line of both roads and low rates made from Decatur, Stone Mountain and Lithonia.

This route traverses the fruit and dairy belt of Middle Georgia, and will afford the sight-seers many pleasures. Train leaves Atlanta at 7:15 a. m.; returning, leaves Milledgeville at 8 p. m. Separate coaches for white and colored people.

No overcrowding. Good order maintained. Ladies and children especially looked after. Get ready and take a day off before the rush of fall business begins. For further information address

J. W. KIRKLAND, Passenger Agent, Georgia Railway. J. W. PRESTON, General Manager M. G. and A. Railway. M. R. HUDSON, General Passenger Agent M. G. and A. Railway. A. G. JACKSON, General Freight and Passenger Agent, Georgia Railway.

If you are going to the Mountains or Sea Shore, why not carry a Hammock and Croquet Set? We have Hammocks and will make a special price on them for the next week. Our Croquet Sets are always cheap, and the quality the best.

TENNIS GOODS IN ALL THEIR DETAILS. Rackets, Nets, Poles, and everything to make a court complete. Write for special catalogue on the above lines.

Housefurnishing Goods - AND -

BUILDERS' HARDWARE! Our line of samples of Builders' Hardware is beautiful, and we request that you call and look at them whether you want to buy or not. Estimates furnished willingly.

The Clarke Hardware Company, 35 PEACHTREE ST., ATLANTA, GA.

WHY NEW YORK MORNING JOURNAL SUPPORTS BRYAN

Interview with
The Great Daily's
Editor and Owner

New York, July 25.—(Special Correspondence.)—"The Journal for Bryan." The announcement two weeks ago was the sensation of that day. It fell like the stroke of a sword. Like all that Hearst does, it coupled in its coming the power of a tornado with the softness of wool. And it made The Journal and its editor the talk of the town—the discussion of the nation.

Both conventions had met and named their men and made their platforms. The St. Louis crowd, Hanna handled, came together with that absence of enthusiasm which marks the hired man; adopted the platform prepared by Lombard street dealer, named the foregone McKinley, ignominiously at Canton, and dispersed chinking its bribes.

Then came the meeting at Chicago—an uprising of the people. No boss ruled there; no outside controlled; no bourse dictated; the popular will expressed itself. The platform put forth and the nominees selected need neither grace nor exposition here. In each instance it was the hope of the public asserting itself. The candidates were public men, the platform public made. No black syndicate operating its veil will from a back room picked the men; no list of money leeches to better their blood sucking built the platform. The Chicago convention, in its methods as well as its results, was decisively a convention of the commons.

And it threw New York City into a steamy bubble. Wall street was in a fury. The growl of the bourse bear and the bellow of the bourse bull filled the air. The papers—most of them a mere list of mortgage-madened contrivances—laid aside all partisan pretense and strove with each other in the vilification of Bryan.

In the very idleness of that impotence which comes of a surcharge of wrath, all these could do was to fume with bald falsehood and mendaciously froth. "Anarchist," "Jacobin," "socialist," "destroyer," "foul bird of nihilism," the western "Most"—these were some of the softest of the verbal clouds cast at the young man whom the Chicago convention had named. Nor did the platform come better off. Slander and abuse ran a race with each other to see which they might most maltreat, the Chicago platform or the men who phrased it. The platform, since the very moment of its utterance, was the merest melody of type-villainy; the very haphazard of word-crime.

It was at this time when the mud-millers were most busily engaged with Bryan and the Chicago platform, when every party paper had been carried away by the roar and crush of the money rosters in their resentment, that Hearst published his two-column announcement headed, "The Journal for Bryan."

It was a great thing. Men have since termed it a "stroke of genius." It was that genius born of a courage and an honesty equally absolute and without a flaw.

Talked with the New Alexander.
On a day last week on behalf of The Constitution I had a talk with Hearst. The man who owned the New York morning paper at thirty-four years of age, with a yearly income of ten millions, eschewing ease, bends to the oar of journalism like a common sailor, and who with every battle to be fought, every lure to be weakly discarded straight to work upholding a great paper. I'll tell what he said first and how he impresses one later.

Naturally my query was, "How did you come to do this?" Hearst had, in nine months, from nothing made The Journal the ablest, the best and most respected paper in New York. With one announcement, "The Journal for Bryan," he had suddenly appeared it as one of the most potential of political influences.

This last was all the more impressive because of where and when it was done. Wall street was snarling and snarling like a pack of wolves; every money element was in revolt. As no one save a millionaire can be heard in New York, the roar and the riot ran all night. It came that the man who owned the New York morning paper, at thirty-four years of age, with a yearly income of ten millions, eschewing ease, bends to the oar of journalism like a common sailor, and who with every battle to be fought, every lure to be weakly discarded straight to work upholding a great paper. I'll tell what he said first and how he impresses one later.

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My paper is non-partisan. I've tried fully to tell my position in this struggle and the reason for it in its columns. I took no position that was new to me. I will support Bryan and McKinley, they are the nominees of the democracy any more than I reject McKinley and Hobart because they were named by the republicans. The Journal cares no more for one party than the other.

The paper's support was given to Bryan because I esteem him a better fitter man for a presidency than McKinley. He is his own man; no syndicate controls him; he came to his nomination by no tricks or dark methods; he was named by a convention free from any imputation of being handled. All this is a fact in Bryan's favor. Beyond all these, I believe Bryan to be a man of courage, of high principles, of great talent, of utter honesty and much worth of character. He is young, but he has had experience. He has been tested and never failed; tried and not found wanting.

Bryan, publicly considered, is not an experiment. He was four years in congress. His record is without stain. His patriotism, his ability to honestly judge and to fairly decide in public matters were never questioned. It is thus I estimate the man, and for these things



W. R. HEARST of SAN FRANCISCO and NEW YORK

This Brilliant Young Californian Stepped from College Life Into Newspaper Work, and Since His First Effort Has Made a Constant Success—He Is Surprising American Journalism with His Striking Ideas.

I believe he would make a better executive than McKinley. I do not hesitate to confess that the hands showed upon this candidate were not shown a fact in his favor. That's what he wanted, however, and he took The Examiner, of San Francisco, then but a tottering, weak affair and made it the big paper of the slope. It is today a model newspaper, a victory in every way. This was eight years ago.

Leaving The Examiner a success as soon as he achieved it, Hearst bent his way to New York, where he took The Journal, nine months ago. It was the cause of many a quiet grin among "great editors." Some of them made the authors of tart, not to say invective, remark.

"He may come," quoth one editor famed for his white beard and black cat, "but he can't get a reputable newspaper man in New York to work on his paper."

Hearst heard of the remark, smiled that smile of bland silence peculiar to him, and the next week hired the three best men the editors of the heard and black cat had. One then is in London now for The Journal. That was Hearst's retort.

With a plant, lame, meager and not at all sufficient, Hearst began to get out his paper. The genius of his management flashed across the paper like sheet lightning and it arrested public attention. People began to take the paper. They took it more and more. From the first and up to the moment that this is read Hearst has spent money like water, urged men to their utmost, enlarged his plant and enlarged his plant. All that could be done was done, all that can be being done. But Mergenthals are not matters of a moment's notice; Hoe presses, like Rome, are not built in a day; and so it befalls that for the past six months the circulation has outpowered the capacity of the plant and the demand for The Journal exceeded all possible chance of supply. This will change within the next few months and Journal facilities will be made to equal Journal occasion.

He answered with Deeds.
Within two months after Hearst's advent the grins left the faces of the great editors. The young man from the slope was no longer a laughing matter. On the contrary, the great editors found him the most serious proposition yet announced in the field of New York journalism.

As showing how badly the beard and black cat editor prophesied in that behalf, not only did Hearst draw to him the best blood in the newspaper world, but novel writers, magazine people, poets and front row publicists were all equally in his employ. It thus fell out that New York was offered the exhibition all in one day of Julian Ralph in London for The Journal, Richard Harding Davis writing up the coronation of the czar, Senator Ingalls, Henry George and the author of "Ben Hur" reporting a political convention, Edgar Allan Poe writing a murder trial, while Julian Hawthorne wrote up a diamond robbery and William Dean Howells expanded into a book review.

No aggregation of men of such high literary estate was ever before brought together and made to write for one publication. No one ever had the monetary hardihood to do it. But Hearst did it, and it paid.

As an indication of what such matters cost I might suggest that Richard Harding Davis, at Moscow during the coronation, telegraphed to him all the more than \$5,000 a day. In the face of such effort and expenditure it is no wonder the great editors ceased to grin, while the white beard wagged and the black cat arched its back.

Hearst had been a serious business to his rivals perhaps four months when his

terwards told the story, "that he'd turn to a ranch life, or perhaps do a few years of travel. I was somewhat surprised when he said he wanted a newspaper."

That's what he wanted, however, and he took The Examiner, of San Francisco, then but a tottering, weak affair and made it the big paper of the slope. It is today a model newspaper, a victory in every way. This was eight years ago.

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special and peculiar opponent suddenly expanded to sixteen pages. Hearst was with him in an instant; no more to be shaken off than a greyhound. The Journal became sixteen pages, and for months, with an equipment hardly good for eight pages and with a circulation constantly on the mount, Hearst got out his Journal sixteen pages.

How he did it he could hardly tell himself, but he did. Hanna's jaunt across the Alps and Napoleon's subsequent excursion through the same range of hills were easy assignments to it.

Falling in the effort sought for in the sixteen page outbreak, the next move of that paper was to "prefer power to profit," and come down to 1 cent, where before it had been 2. That preference "for power rather than profit," that fall to 1 cent, meant the surrender by the paper which made it of \$600,000 a year income. One can see from that how hard the young man from the slope was crowding the great editors.

"I should not suppose," remarked a man full of ignorance and views, "that there would be room for The Journal—that I mean another paper—in New York."

Since Hearst took The Journal what with the \$6,000 annual surrender of one competitor, taken with what others have been forced to relinquish, full \$1,000,000 have been cut out of the aggregate intake of the great editors; and The Journal on the other hand has got its brand on it. Every paper has been forced to be a better paper, too, as the effect of The Journal's presence.

Nor is the end yet; indeed it is hardly beginning. Within a year, in truth with in four months if the machinery can be made to come forth, there will be issued in addition to the morning edition an evening Journal; while the Sunday edition will take on a colored supplement.

Pen Picture of Young Hearst.
Then will the great editors be summoned to the battle of their lives; a collision commenced, rather than a mere struggle, they have thus far experienced will seem as a zephyr to a hurricane. I make a prophecy in this connection: From this newspaper war to come the boy from the slope, who works night and day, who combines indomitable industry and a nerve not to be over-matched with a flash-like instinct for the business itself, who bends above his paper like an artist over his picture, will emerge the victor; the admittedly greatest newspaper owner, owing the greatest newspaper to the world.

Hearst physically is slender rather than heavy, but gives one the impression of cat-like power. In height he is perhaps five feet eleven inches. His hair is yellow, his eyes gray. They are kind eyes, too; with no capacity to find fault, or flash wrath or scorn, or harsh criticism.

Hearst's face is a long oval, smooth shaven. It is one of those be-sure-you're-right-then-go-ahead faces. There is no yielding in it; no going back on a trail.

Hearst is a man who doesn't act impulsively. He thinks; he plans; and then he proceeds to put his plans into execution.

But a glance at him shows that once he has started he goes through. There is no fencing against him; no stopping him; his effort will be as incessant as the sea until he accomplishes his end. He has no more capacity to let go, once he fastens, than a bulldog.

There is one sure evidence of greatness about Hearst. There is nothing as a rule so stultifying as money; nothing which so suspends effort, so dulls ambition, so drags and sets the brakes to a career. There's no such even in such a man as a general truth, as a million dollars. His first thought is itself, its first care its own

and safety, and it lives and shivers one of the most shadow-startled things on earth, as a rule.

This is not true of Hearst or Hearst's millions, and this exception marks him as one possessing the elements of greatness. No fear, no apprehension goes with either him or his money. They will take their chances with any man or man's millions in any fair encounter.

And despite all this money which might weaken a fight and abate a force Hearst is ambitious to produce not only the greatest paper the world has ever beheld, but the greatest possible of productions. And he will succeed, for money and genius will alike exhaust themselves in bringing about. This man is to be, not a newspaper Napoleon, but a newspaper Alexander.

Hearst does his own deciding. It is a common, as well as a satisfying theory, that very wealthy men, especially those who own newspapers, are in the habit of hiring other men to do their thinking. It falls frequently out that this is fallacy. Decidedly it is in the case of Hearst. His settlers matters for himself.

It was the other day I read in a paper where a certain writer, born to eat banquets and build a beard, explained that a declaration of The Journal for Bryan was brought about by two or three of The Journal's editorial writers who chanced to talk well of that candidate, and who in Bryan's interest pulled and hauled at Hearst.

That bearded battener of banquets was never more off the fact in his life. The instructions to declare for Bryan were telephoned to the manager by Hearst from Larchmont. He had been near the paper or the editors thereof for forty-eight hours, as he and his yacht were taking two days off—something in the line of a brief vacation.

There is one emphasized and very manly trait in Hearst. No matter with whom he deals, he declines all aid from his money. It is ever an affair of a man and a man; not a man with millions and a man.

With a nature tenacious and strong as a cable of stranded steel, every color of cruelty or harshness is left out of Hearst. He is kind to the point of disaster; generous without limit; cannot find fault with ever the grounds. Hearst seldom praises, but he never condemns; and he meets grief when it does come with a fashion of vigorous patience, which outliving and outlasting defeated self, never fails of final victory.

There is a wondrous absence of red tape to Hearst. This condition, common enough in the west, is the marvel of New York, where many a man prefers to be pompous even at the cost of success. Were a stranger to walk through The Journal's rooms he would not by any sign be able to select Hearst from his people. His attitude toward his men is one of unvarying kindness. His politeness extends itself to the lowest and most inconsiderable. It is no affectation, no assumption; but the natural air of the gentleman, thoroughbred; and the office boy profits from it as much as the editor in chief.

This consideration for others, and perhaps an overkeen apprehension of what they may feel and think, leads Hearst at times into the unusual. For example, whenever he wants to see a man on the paper, whether he be high or low, Hearst goes to the man. He never sends for the man to come to him. Others send for others with freedom and success; but Hearst goes.

Some of His Characteristics.
In issuing his orders they never, coming from Hearst, take more than the form of requests. Men are asked to do things; never told. And the request always includes the word "please." And as a result, Hearst can get anything done he wants, and more of it than most men.

Speaking of the word "please," when wiring a correspondent directions as to what and where to do and go, Hearst never omits it. If it were Moscow or the Trans-siberian, and that "please" cost \$2 a word to send, it would still go in.

And the correspondent gets crafty. It is by that ear mark "please"—on which I apprehend Hearst has in his life paid \$20,000 in telegraph tolls—that the correspondent knows when he is dealing with Hearst. There are two scores of men on the paper authorized to sign "W. R. Hearst," but of all these Hearst himself is the only one who wires "please."

Hearst holds himself hard at his business of upbuilding his paper. He doesn't do much with society; rather from a lack of time than taste. With more money than he can ever use, he is still capable of a grand ambition, and of great and long sustained effort. His instinct is that of a democrat. There is no caste with him; he is of the people. He never hesitates to use the immense power of his papers and his purse on the side of public right. And he has stood between a robber and his pillage before now. For years he has withheld the Pacific railroad from his proposed congressional plundering. He has brought to bay the monstrous Huntington and defeated the consummation of his schemes.

Such is the man who in a storm of diarrhea and missing denunciation dared to stand forth for the candidate, the platform and the convention of Chicago. That one of his wealth is for an income tax proves the sincere current of his motives. And in espousing Bryan and the platform he stands on, Hearst declares for nothing new. Every position he takes today he has taken repeatedly and long ago in the columns of The Examiner.

Aside from politics, however, or any present course and purpose, such men as Hearst speak well for the country that nourishes their growth. One who can break the fetters of much wealth, and in his youth release himself to a greater career on his merit as a man, may well become a headland for others to adore by. The world can't have too many such.

As to the paper in its coming out for Bryan, this move, made in the purest honesty of a high purpose, is like to prove the excellence of that maxim which makes the best policy. It has, in the skulking and general desertion of the party by the mortgage-managed contingent, given The Journal a vast field to itself. As an outcome it will win and wear a daily circulation of a half million in the next twelve weeks.

W. R. HEARST of SAN FRANCISCO and NEW YORK

Great Work of
a Journalist and
His Newspaper.

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"Sacramento," Ejaculated the Climber.

A group of stern-faced men stood in the American vice-consul's office at Murcia. Without, in the streets of the dingy little Spanish city, crowds of howling students and enraged laboring folk paraded to and fro. As yet the storm was but beginning and the police were able to repress any open acts of violence. But who could prophesy what might happen later in the day, when the mob was re-enforced by hordes of peasantry from the surrounding villages, and by the reckless men and women of the cigarette factories? The supposed sympathy of the United States with struggling Cuba had filled Spain with indignation; and in every town from Biscay to the Mediterranean angry meetings were held and insults hurled at the resident Americans. In Murcia, especially, the feeling was intensely bitter.

"My friends," said the vice consul, "we have a hard day before us. Little or no protection can be hoped for at the hands of the authorities. The mob is increasing every moment, and, before nightfall, I should not be surprised if they attacked the consulate."

"Death to the Americans!" roared the students in the streets. "Down with the gridiron rag! Down with the stars and stripes!" And the appreciative crowds took up these cries with groans and hooting.

Major Talcott, a gray-haired veteran of the civil war, long resident in Murcia, entered hurriedly at this juncture, his little son trotting resolutely by his side.

"Narrow escape, gentlemen," panted the major, "those demons pursued me for five blocks. I had to draw my revolver at last, or Jack and I should never have reached here."

"It has come to that then, already," grimly remarked the vice consul. "Well, we are prepared for 'em. Suppose you send your son up stairs Major Talcott. The ladies and children are all comfortably sheltered in my wife's rooms."

The tears sprang unbidden into little Jack Talcott's eyes.

"Don't send me up stairs, dad," he implored. "I've got a gun, and can fight just as well as any man."

Major Talcott looked irresolutely, but the vice consul answered for him.

"My boy," he said, kindly, but firmly, "I am commanding here. This is no place for boys, and you must go up stairs."

Jack looked at his father, but the major only shook his head. Then, seeing that there was no help for it, he turned regretfully out of the room, fidgeting as he went the brand-new revolver which he had purchased for the occasion.

"It's a shame," he soliloquized on the broad stone stairway, "not to give a fellow a chance to fight for his country. Dad was a drummer boy in the war when he was very little older than I am. I don't want to be cooped up with a lot of women and children. Just listen to those fellows outside! Wouldn't I like to have a go at 'em?"

In the streets the students and an army of cigarette makers were singing an uproarious song, in which all sorts of terrible things were threatened against the United States, and the "gridiron rag" as they were pleased to call the stars and stripes. Jack had picked up plenty of colloquial Spanish, as small boys so situated will do, and not an allusion or insult in the ribald chorus escaped him.

"Gridiron rag! Indeed!" he muttered. "I'd just like to make those fellows fry on that gridiron. Hullo! where am I?"

This exclamation was caused by the fact that the boy had taken a wrong turning in the great, old-fashioned vice consulate, and now found himself on a wooden staircase leading straight upward to a closed door, heavily clamped with iron.

"This can't be the women's quarter," said Jack, as he sprang up the steps, and shot back a bolt which fastened the door. The next minute his eyes opened wide, and his lips emitted an involuntary whistle. For he stood on the broad, flat roof of the building, with all Murcia and its seething population spread map-like below.

The uproar, unbroken by brick and stucco, now ascended in all its hideous clearness to his attentive ears. Here and there the sound of firearms rang out above the general din.

"Down with the vice consul! Death to the Americans! Burn the 'gridiron rag!' Long live Spain; and death to Cuba and Uncle Sam!" Such were a few of the shouts that thundered upward to the sunlit roof, deserted save by one bright-eyed little yankee.

Jack stepped forward, and carefully closed the house door behind him.

"I'm going to have a look at those fellows," he said.

But as he faced toward the parapet of the roof, a sight met his eyes which sent the blood in a great rush to his head. There, waving indolently in the warm southern wind, hung the meteor folds of the very ensign which the Spanish mob hooted and insulted, the stars and stripes of his fatherland!

"The flag!" gasped Jack. "They have forgotten it down stairs. Perhaps those fellows in the street will try to get it down."

At this all thoughts of the women's quarter left him. His bounden duty, he felt like the little patriot that he was, forced him to stand by that flag and protect it, if need be, with his life.

"I'm not sorry now," he thought, "that they turned me out of the consul's office. Here is something I can do as well as the best of them."

Then he advanced cautiously, to the flag-staff, and knelt down beside it, sheltering himself behind the stucco balustrade which surrounded the roof. Hardly had he done so, when a jagged stone, evidently aimed at the flag, whizzed over his head. A cheer followed this effort, mingled with furious maledictions on the "gridiron rag" and "Uncle Sam."

Jack peeped over the parapet. In the street below was a perfect sea of human faces. Their gaze had been attracted toward the flag; and the boy had only time to duck his head when a perfect fusillade of stones and scraps of lead and iron came hurtling around him. Several missiles smote the flag-staff, and one, arrested by the flag itself, fell with cruel weight upon his shoulder.

"They won't bring that flag down with stones," soliloquized Jack, rubbing the first

ped. The knife slipped from between his teeth and fell, twisting and turning, to the pavement, amid the breathless silence of the crowd.

"My friend," said Jack, in his best Spanish, "I must ask you to go back the way you came. There is no admittance this way. I will give you ten seconds to begin the return voyage."

The luckless sailor took one glance at the flag he had come so high to seize, and another at the suggestive revolver. Then with a furious oath, he commenced to back down the leaden piping.

Up to that time he had been the hero of the mob. Now they turned against him, mob-fashion, and execrations at his cowardice filled the air. Stones came thick and fast, as well, and a number of them hit the poor wretch as he half clambered down the piping.

This defeat wrought up the rioters to fever heat. Jack, watching from his coign of vantage, saw several men armed with muskets standing in line before the consulate.

He was right. "Bang!" went the muskets, and a shower of lead whistled across the roof top. Two or three bullets pierced the flag; but, tattered and torn as it was, the gallant piece of bunting still waved serenely from its staff.

"Hooray!" shouted little Jack Talcott, but his shout was lost in the mighty roars of the crowd.

"Bang!" went the muskets once more; and this time their shots sped with more effect. The flagstaff was shorn across as though slashed with an ax. For a brief space the part from which floated the flag waved in mid air. Jack leaped to his feet fearful lest it should fall on the side toward the street. But the old flag seemed to know and cling to its natural protector. It tottered sideways, and dropped into the boy's outstretched arms.

"Viva!" yelled the students. "Down with the gridiron! Long live Spain!"

The smoke had cleared away and the delighted rioters saw no flag waving over the consulate. They opened their mouths for a tremendous cheer, but in place of a cheer, there issued forth a howl of rage. For, where the flagstaff had been reared, stood the slender figure of a boy, and in his hand he waved the shreds of the hated "gridiron."

"Hooray for America!" cried Jack with all the vigor of his lungs. "Hooray for Uncle Sam and free Cuba!"

It was then that the maddened rioters utterly forgot themselves, and did a deed which afterwards filled them with shame. They gave the word to fire upon this defenseless boy.

Once again the guns rang out. Jack



"HOORAY FOR AMERICA," CRIED JACK.

wound he had ever received for his country, with a sort of doleful gratification. "It will take powder and shot."

As yet the mob was not prepared to fire upon the American standard, however; and after a few repetitions of the bombardment with gutter missiles they, temporarily, at least, abandoned the attack.

But only temporarily. Jack had begun to lull himself into a feeling of security, when a yell from the crowd, louder than heretofore, caused him to look over the parapet.

Half way up the front of the vice-consulate he caught sight of a man, climbing steadily, hand over hand, along the leaden piping which ran toward the roof. The man carried a gleaming knife in his teeth and from his dress and manner of climbing, seemed to be a sailor. As he slowly ascended the onlookers rent the air with their plaudits.

"He is coming to cut down the flag," thought Jack, whipping out his gleaming revolver and cocking it carefully. "What a scare he'll get when he finds me on guard. They can't see him from the consul's office, and I suppose they have forgotten all about the flag anyhow. . . . Come on, my friend, I'm ready for you!"

On came the sailor; and presently a great roar from the populace announced that he had grasped the parapet with one swarthy hand.

The next instant his upturned eyes looked into the gleaming muzzle of an exceptionally well-polished seven-shooter.

"Sacramento!" ejaculated the climber. His face turned livid, and his jaw drop-

Talcott shot through the leg, staggered from his perch and fell heavily behind the parapet. Even there, however, he found nerve enough to raise his arm and give the old flag one more whirl before he fainted away.

A troop of horses, clattering up the street, with sabers drawn, sent the rioters scudding to right and left. Then the police closed in upon the vice-consulate, and the dignified major came with many excuses, to make his peace with America's representatives.

"I deeply regret these sad events, senor," he said. "It was the work of the hot-headed rabble, headed by a few mad-cap students. Particularly do I regret the unfortunate loss of blood."

"Loss of blood!" repeated the vice-consul. "There has been no loss of blood."

"Does not the senor know? I am told that on your roof, while waving the American flag, a boy was shot down—"

"A boy!" cried the Americans; and then Major Talcott with a father's instinct guessed whose boy it was.

"Good heavens! It must have been Jack," he exclaimed; and rushing from the room, with the other Americans, and even the dignified major behind him, he made for the roof.

Under the parapet, conscious once more, but bleeding sorely, lay little Jack Talcott, the flag was tightly clutched in his hands, and its tattered folds had been stained with his blood.

A happy smile passed over his wan face at the sight of his father. "Hooray, dad!" he cried. Those fellows didn't get the flag after all, did they?"



R. A. Pettis, Corwin, Ark.—I am a little boy, just ten years old, from Arkansas. I have harrowed some, but I have not plowed any yet. I live on a farm of 120 acres. Papa is about done working now, and gone over the Sabine river to work for my uncle. I like to read the story of Rodney Stone and the Junior department. This is my first attempt to write. My brother sent a 1-cent stamp to Mr. Ross, of Athens, for a sample copy of his paper, but heard nothing from him.

Mabel Miller, Greenton, Mo., and Orion Kirkpatrick, Odessa, Mo.—Dear Junior: We are two girls from the north begging admittance into your charming circle. We live on a farm. We have about a mile to go to school. I go to school in the country, but Orion goes to school in town. Sometimes when my school is out I visit her school and have grand times, for I am acquainted with nearly all her friends. She lives about five miles from my home in the outskirts of a small town of 1,400 inhabitants. We raise lots of flowers and sometimes exchange seeds and plants. We close with best wishes for The Junior.

Kate Harrison, McRae, Ga.—Dear Junior: I choose for my subject "The Shut-ins," for I do sympathize with them more than any class of people on earth. Just to think of any one that is deprived of the pleasure of strolling through the beautiful groves, and cannot hear the songs of the wild birds in the tree tops, oh, sometimes I think what a dreary life it must be.

Cousins, how did you spend the Fourth of July? I went to a Sabbath school picnic. I started from home Thursday and got back the next Monday. So you see I had a long trip.

It is only fifteen miles to the river where the picnic was. I went to my uncle's and staid there part of the time.

I will send 5 cents for the children's ward of the Grady hospital. Success to Aunt Susie and all of The Junior correspondents!

Minnie Williams, Oak Ridge, La.—I come this beautiful July morning to join the cousins in their gossip exchange of views. I haven't much to write of. However, will make my letter as interesting as possible, considering the dull times.

We are needing rain very badly in this part of the country; corn and cotton are both suffering for rain. We had a nice rain Sunday, but not near enough. I am a little girl eleven years. I am the eldest of four children. This is mamma's birthday; my little sister and I gave her a birthday present.

Leone Blodgett, Busti, N. Y.—Dear Junior: Where did you spend your Fourth? I spent mine at Celoron, a noted summer resort on Chautauqua lake. The following were some of the amusements of the day: First, the Phoenix wheel, something like the great Ferris wheel at the Columbian exposition, only on a much smaller scale; there were two balloon ascensions, menageries and some very nice fireworks. It rained, so it was not as pleasant as it might have been. I live five miles from Chautauqua lake in the village of Busti. The principal occupation of the people in this part of the state is dairying and grape raising; there are large vineyards on the shores of Lake Erie and Chautauqua and I think it is a very nice place to live. I would like to have some of the southern girls write to me. Age sixteen.

Lizzie May Harper, Sidona, Fla.—As Mabel Markette wrote of Mexico, I will tell you something of Florida. Before the freeze in Florida several years ago there were many groves. Some of the groves that have been fertilized are doing well, and we think will bear in another year or two. We cannot raise many chickens here, on account of the skunks and foxes; last night a skunk came and caught a chicken, but it did not get away with it. We cannot raise ducks and geese, for if they swim in the lakes the alligators will eat them up. On the Apopka marsh papa raises corn, beans, Irish potatoes, cabbage, onions, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, squashes and tomatoes, but they come too late for the early market. We have the rainy season now. I have seen the sun but very little for over two weeks. I wish The Constitution every success.

Note—Your letter is a very nice one, and gives us a good idea of Florida and what can be raised there.

Grace Newman, Centerville, Miss.—Dear Junior: Here comes a timid little girl of fourteen from the dear old southland. This is a hot, sultry July afternoon. The wind is fanning the perfume of the little flowers through the open window and the clusters of rich, luscious fruit is hanging in graceful profusion from the bending boughs of the apple and peach trees. The last rays of the setting sun are shedding a golden radiance over the landscape. The clouds are most brilliantly tinted and the golden rays of light are at last hidden behind a broad sea of gold. And the bright, golden hours of a day that will never come again have fled. How many of the dear cousins spend these fleeting hours in idleness? I hope the majority of you can say, "I do not." Try to make each day pleasant by doing something that will make some poor heart rejoice.

"Live for those that love you, For those whose hearts are true, For heaven that smiles above you, And the good that you may do."

And if you do this, my little friends, then when death folds you in his cold embrace and you will have to face the Light and Truth of the world, He will say unto you, "Well done, good and faithful servant," then you will feel amply repaid for the good you have done.



THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE
YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.Sent Free, as a Supplement, to the Readers
of the Daily Constitution.All Letters and Communications Intended
for this Issue Must be Addressed to The
Constitution, Jr.

ATLANTA, GA., July 26, 1896.

Piercing a Penny.

I suppose if you should tell one of your companions that you could pierce a penny with a fine cambric needle, he would be inclined to think that you were romancing a bit. It is, however, a very simple thing to do. All that is necessary is to push the needle into a cork until the point projects slightly on the other side, and with a pair of pinchers cut off the part of the head left at the top. Then strike quite vigorously upon the cork with a hammer, after having placed it and the penny upon two blocks, as indicated in the illustration; or it can be accomplished by simply placing the penny on a piece of soft wood.

The needle, not being able to bend in any direction, (thanks to the cork which holds it in an upright position) will pass right through the penny with the greatest ease, since steel, of which the needle is made, is harder than the amalgamated copper of the coin.

Blowing the Bag.

When you breathe into a paper bag to puff it up, and then burst it with a blow to produce an explosion, do you ever ask yourself anything about the extent of the force of your breath thus imprisoned? Great scientists now-a-days, you know, are talking about compressed air taking the place of even steam and electricity as a motive power. To give yourself some sort of an idea of this force, take a bag quite long and narrow, and made of strong paper. Lay it flat upon the edge of a table, the opening toward you, place a weight upon it, and puff it well by blowing. Gradually increase the weights and continue blowing, and you will be surprised at the amount your breath will lift. To make two large, heavy volumes fall one over the other will seem the lightest kind of play, so easily can it be accomplished.

Animals Play 'Possum.

From Lippincott's Magazine.

The habit of feigning death for the sake of protection can be observed among many of the lower animals—animals which differ widely in family, genus and species. Indeed, this habit is to be observed in creatures microscopic in size and of exceedingly low organization, as well as those high in the scale of animal life as man himself; for even man does not hesitate on occasions to avail himself of this natural subterfuge when he thinks it will aid in the preservation of his life.

With the aid of the microscope one can observe and study the natural history of the minute animal world, which otherwise would remain a closed and unread volume. This instrument has shown me, beyond cavil, that creatures as low in the scale as actinophryans, very minute, microscopic animalcules, practice death feigning when surprised by an enemy from which they cannot otherwise escape. Thus, I have repeatedly seen actinophryans fold their delicate hair-like legs or cilia and sink to the bottom of their miniature lake (a drop of water) when approached by a water louse, which preys upon them. They remain to all appearances absolutely without life until the water louse swims away, when they unfold their cilia and go back to their feeding grounds—a bit of water weed or moss, or decayed wood.

Lincoln's Honesty.

From The Philadelphia Record.

"While at Washington," said Mr. Wanamaker, "it came under my notice at the postoffice department that Abraham Lincoln in his early life had been postmaster at a small Ohio town. In the changes that took place the office was consolidated with Salem, and the man twice wanted for president was for once not wanted for postmaster.

"Years afterwards it was discovered that no settlement had reached Washington of the affairs of that little postoffice. A visit was made to Mr. Lincoln and the case stated. He arose from his desk and walked over to a chest of drawers and took out a bundle of papers, among them an envelope containing \$17 and some cents, the exact sum in identical money of the government, safely in keeping until called for. As he handed it over to the agent of the postoffice department, he said: 'There it is. I never use any other man's money.'"

Curiosity of Central Africa.

Professor Garner, during his travels in central Africa, has discovered many queer things, not in the least remarkable of which is a curious little animal belonging to the simian family.

This queer little beast, measuring about a foot in length, precisely resembles a bear in miniature. It seems to confine itself almost entirely to a narrow tract of country running along by the equator. The natives, who have given it the name of "lkanda," relate many remarkable stories about it.

Its hands and feet are its greatest peculiarities. The former precisely resemble those of a human being, with the exception that they lack an index finger. The stump of this forefinger looks exactly as though it had been amputated. The feet are also not unlike our own if it were not for two remarkable peculiarities. In the first place the great toe protrudes at right angles to its fellows, while number two differs in that it possesses a claw.

SOME JUNIOR RIDERS.

Miss Mina Lou Blount rides a wheel as gracefully as any young lady in the city. She has been before the readers of The Junior in many roles of distinction before, and now she is presented by The Junior as one of the most graceful young riders that infest the asphalt.

She has been riding a wheel for several months and understands thoroughly how to ride on the crowded asphalt. She is one of the most attractive young ladies in the city and is a great favorite among the young wheelwomen. She very seldom leaves the asphalt to ride, as her home is on Peachtree street, and the most level part of the asphalt is just in front of the house.

Master Arthur Robinson, a bright, sparkling youngster, has been riding his little twenty-pound wooden rim wheel several weeks and has become a master of the iron steed.

Arthur is one of the youngest riders in the city and his is one of the smallest



ARTHUR ROBINSON.

wheels made. He rides down the asphalt nearly every evening and seems happy on his "bike."

He is as bright a little fellow as has ever been in the columns of The Junior. He attended professor's school last year and is developing into quite a literary man. He may some day be one of the fastest riders in the country, though he says he does not want to be a racer.

Russell Mitchell is a fast and powerful rider. He is exceedingly well built and has strength to push a wheel. He says he wants to enter The Junior race and that if he can get into any sort of condition by the 8th of August he will be in for the prizes.

This is his first year on a wheel of his own and he seems to be taking revenge for the time he has lost, from the manner in which he is seen rushing out Peachtree street when the eye of the "cop" is elsewhere.

Had To Pay for Their Fun.

The boys on the asphalt had a nice time of it last Friday night. A party of about fifteen of the fast men, though it didn't take fast men to have this kind of fun, began geying the policemen and taking spurts just as they passed them.

The officers ordered the boys to stop the fast riding or cases would be made against them. The boys continued the fast riding and the "cops" began making the cases. The boys would ride by with the swiftness



NINA LOU BLOUNT.

of the eye and dodge the "cops." They very nearly always caught the officers on a corner, so if they ran out into the road to stop them they could turn into the side street, giving the "cops" the laugh. However, two cases were made that night against the boys. They are sorry they began the sport.

How About This?

One of the messenger boys was arrested on the asphalt on last Wednesday for fast riding. It is not known whether he was fined by the judge or not, but it is the sentiment of the writer that he should not have been.

He happened to have a telegram from the Western Union office with the instructions to "rush." He was only obeying his orders and he was not responsible. These boys are all experienced riders and are well able to look after their own interest on a wheel. In cases of emergency they have to go faster than the city ordinance permits, so, now, what's to be done?

Have Begun Training.

The boys have begun training for The Junior race. At least eight of the boys who are going to enter were out on the track the other night and it was fast time that the boys made. Several of the boys who have been training some little time went over the entire course twice and came back in pretty good condition.

It is this crowd of boys who are going to win the race. You can't win unless you

are in good condition for riding. The boys who have been successful in the races held before were the ones who went in training for the race. Those who say, "Well, I can beat so and so, as I have done it before," will be sadly surprised when "so and so" wins out in the races. The boys who work for the prizes will surely be the ones to get them.

Dan McLester and "Monk" Ford will be two of the fastest boys in the race. Both of these youngsters are very small and are still younger by several years than the limit. They are going to enter the race and they are in for a good place in the home run, as they are continually training.

Twenty-five entries have been sent to The Junior within the last week. This is certainly good for the first week after the announcement of the race. It will surely be a great success.

Boys from all over the state are sending in their entries. Newnan will send up at least five riders to compete. In a letter from one of the boys of that town he says they are going to bring up five of the fastest boys in all of Coweta county.

The boys in Atlanta are all on the go and they are going to have a prominent place when the riders are coming down the home stretch.

A prominent feature of the race meet will be the race between the messenger boys. This will be the fastest and most exciting of all the events. The messenger boys of the city have all sent in their names to enter this race. The rivalry between these boys will make it exciting and some crack riding will be done.

There are about thirty-five of these messengers in Atlanta, and fully twenty-five of this number will be in the race. These boys are all in good condition now. They ride all the time and they are as fast now as they will be a month from today.

Speer and Walthour will run against each other. This will bring hundreds of the older crowd out to see the race, so the boys can prepare to have hundreds of spectators to see them win. The race between Walthour and Speer will create great interest throughout this section of the country. These two youngsters are considered the fastest riders in the south today, and a race between them will be watched with interest.

Walthour beat Speer in two races last week at Montgomery, but Speer thinks he can win and will be in better shape to



RUSSELL MITCHELL.

find out when he comes back. His defeat at Montgomery was not such a great surprise to his friends, as he has been out of anything like condition for several weeks on account of injuries. He will be in as fine condition as possible by the 8th of August, and then we can decide who is the fastest rider in Atlanta and who is the fastest man in the state.

A purse will be subscribed by the bicycle merchants in the city for this race. Several of them have said they would get up the purse if the boys would consent to race. Both have consented to race and the purse is a sure thing.

Visiting Riders.

There are sure to be at least twenty visitors in the race. One of the young riders from Newnan writes to know if everybody will be given a fair chance in the race. We assure the visiting riders that they will be shown every courtesy and that they will have the preference of any critical decision.

The Atlanta boys had several visitors in the race at The Junior meet held last year, and while none of the visitors won in the races they all say it was because they could not ride as fast as the other boys, and was not due to any fouling on the road. Every boy who goes into the race will go in to run a clean race and unless he does he will be ruled out, and if he wins, and if there is any kick as to his riding, that is if he interferes or fouls on the track, and it can be proven, he will forfeit the race. We mean to have a clean and exciting race.

We hope that all of the boys out of our city who are anxious about whether they will be treated right in the race can rest easy and send in their names.

South Side vs. North Side.

The race that was suggested between the north side and south side seems to take right well among the boys. The following letter was received by The Junior Friday:

"Dear Junior—I suggest a bicycle race between Dan McLester, of the north side, and Will Hughes, of the south side, to take place on the day of The Junior race August 8th, after the other races are run. Each of the boys is among the best riders on their side of the city. They are about the same size and weight, and would make the race interesting.

The editor of The Junior is well acquainted with Dan McLester, of the north side, and has seen him ride. He is a fast youngster and would be a good representative of the north side. Will Hughes is said to be one of the fastest riders in the city. He has been riding for over a year and is considered a fast man. He can win from any boy his size in the south side. What he

can do against Dan McLester remains to be seen.

This will be an interesting race and a handsome prize will be given to the winner.

Bicycle Notes.

Cam Dorsey is out of the city for a few days. He will be back in time to enter The Junior race.

Next week The Junior will present a picture of some of the south side riders. There are a lot of fine riders on Washington street, Capitol avenue and Pryor street.

Joe Gatins, George Lowndes, Dick Thornton and Cam Dorsey are a quartet that can be seen together every afternoon on their wheels.

WATER TRICKS.

There is no end of tricks a clever swimmer can do in water. Then there are sports and games played on rafts or water shoes, log rolling, high diving, water ballets, polo and jockey. The most popular sport at present, however, is shooting the "chutes," or water toboggan.

More in the amateur's line is hocking on the water; a ball and hockey clubs are necessary and little "boats" for the feet, which are kept on by straps, something like snow shoes. Quarterstaff is another water game. If the players don sailor suits, it adds to their picturesque appearance. The trousse, say, of turkey red twill, with red sailor collars on their white shirts and red band on their hats.

Aprons of water tricks or "ornamental swimming"—it is useful on two accounts, to amuse yourself or to amuse others. Often friends accompany a swimmer as spectators, and what is the consequence? After the bather has been swimming a while they are tired of it, and no wonder. They become restless and fidgety and keep demanding "When are you coming out?" But if the swimmer understands a few tricks it will amuse and interest his friends more than simple swimming ever could do. They also teach the bather nerve and pluck.

Of all water figures the most laughable is that of "turning the spit." Here are the directions:

Lie on the water as though about to float, then, drawing the knees up to the chin, place both hands beneath the knees back to back, and move them gently backward and forward, by degrees increasing the speed. Do not be frightened by the result; you will spin round like a top. The nature of a spit is to turn one way and then another, and this is done by only moving one hand until fairly going round another way and then both are used, as before. Do not in this feat let excitement run away with your judgment or you will get giddy, and giddiness in the water is a serious matter. Leave off directly the least symptom appears.

The boat figure is a pretty one, as it is supposed to represent a boat supplied with no oars. The swimmer lies on his back as though about to float, then cross the feet to form the prow of the boat, then, instead of raising the arms above the head, as in swimming on the back, move them in exactly the opposite direction; that is, move them from the hips to a line with the shoulder. The arms represent the oars, and they may easily be "feathered" by placing them near the surface with the fingers slightly outstretched. As the feet advance first this figure presents a curious sight. A clever girl could do this trick easily as well as the one in which the bathing costume is changed under water. The swimmer puts on, over her ordinary bathing dress, another one that is at least a size too large, without fastening it at the neck; standing on the diving platform, she must jump or dive to the bottom of the water, and, hastily divesting herself of the second dress, swim to the top, carrying it in her hands. Deep water, in preference to shallow, should be chosen for this feat, which, perhaps, sounds a trifle difficult, although in reality it is not. A good way to practice remaining under water is to sink to the bottom on the knees and remain there as long as possible; raising the hands above the head will keep you here some time, but if ever you are in danger of drowning do not throw up your arms.

A Card Trick.

Some evening when you are playing cards, if you find that your friends are becoming a little weary, propose to one of them to make him pass entirely through a card of ordinary size. This looks a little complicated in the beginning. Take a card and first make in it a longitudinal slit, stopping near the edges as indicated in figure 1 of the design. Fold the card in halves following this slit, and with the scissors make gashes indicated in figure 2. In opening the card again and drawing upon its extremities, you will see it transform itself into a long, extensible band, composed of little strips which form angles less and less acute as you draw them out. If you cut these slits fine enough you can make out of an ordinary sized playing card a band sufficiently large to encompass the president of the United States.

The Smallest Man.

The smallest man in the world known to be living today lives near Zyba, Sumner county, Kansas. His name is William Pifer. He is twenty-two years old, less than three feet high and weighs only forty-eight pounds. Mentally he is as perfect as ordinary men of his age. He lives with his widowed mother and avoids as far as possible the public.

Johnnie's Complaint.

From The Detroit Free Press.

Friend of the Family: "Johnny, I suppose you are delighted with the new little brother at your house?"

Johnny: "New nuthin'. He's second-hand. The doctor brought him, and there's no tellin' how many families has had him before."



The Junior League season has closed and the South Side Tigers, Jr., and the Atlanta Grays are the winners.

The league has been conducted most successfully and the half score of teams that have stood it all the way through have cause to be proud of its success. There are no sulking teams. Though some of the Rock Hills thought they ought to have



JIM LAFITTE.
Catches for the South Side Tigers.

been given a better chance, those of that team who understand the situation are fully satisfied. The only thing they are kicking about is that the impression has gone forth that the Tigers, Jr., can beat them playing ball. This they deny, and they want to get three games with that team to disprove this popular belief that the south side team can beat them.

A picture of the winning team in the large division, the West Atlanta Grays, is presented in this Junior. The Grays are satisfied with their record. They have played nineteen games and won seventeen of them. The next team is the Tigers, who have lost five games, and the next is the North Side Victors, who have lost six games.

The West Atlanta Grays.

There never was a more evenly balanced team than the present West Atlanta Grays aggregation. There are no poor play sticks, bums or misfits to hang on to the others and drag them down like a stone around a dog's neck. It is a plain but away above the ordinary team of ball players, every one of whom knows how to field his position, how to run the bases and how to hit the ball. None of them needs a map or a chart to find his way around the circuit. Where will you find seven better all-around boys than those that fill the in and outfield positions on the Grays' team? Every one of them is either at the top or very near it in playing his position. Howell, Allen and Hudson will each make a bid for the fielding honors of the league in their respective positions, and Ellsworth is not far behind. The three outfielders are right up with the very best from a fielding standpoint. In base running these seven players have seven of any other team in the league beaten beyond the cavil of a doubt. Take the total number of stolen bases made by Howell, Ellsworth, Nunan, Allen, Eaves, Kennedy and Lynch this year and there is not another team in the league that can show seven men with as many pilfered bases to their credit as is now held by the guardians of the Grays' in and out field. Why, Allen, Nunan, Howell and Ellsworth are all after the base running honors of the Junior League and it would create no surprise if the honor was captured by one of this quartet. As batters these seven boys are almost on a par. They are all batting near the 300 per cent mark. The members of the Grays do not shine particularly in the matter of base running but when it comes to fielding their position and batting the ball there is not another club in the league that can show their superior. Their catcher, Lyman, is a 300 per cent batter. He has a good live throwing arm and on a moment's notice can catch a game equal to the best in the league. The pitchers are first-class, not only as pitchers, but every one of them is experienced and knows the game and every one of them is liable to bring the winning run home if he is at the bat in a pinch.

This is the aggregation of talent that the enemies of the Grays choose to caricature as a team of glass-arm, near-sighted stiffs. It is no surprise to hear of Lynch making a home run or three-base hit.

Howell is a fine third baseman, and a good batter.

Ellsworth is playing center field now; he can play anywhere you put him.

Allen is the best shortstop in the league. He has been struck out only once, and has made only four errors this season.

Eaves is one of the best left fielders in the league, and a good batter.

The Grays line up as follows: Lynch, catcher; Allen, shortstop; Martin, first base; Hudson, second base; Howell, third base; Eaves, left field; Ellsworth, center

field; Nunan, right field; McElhaney, Martin and Kennedy, pitchers.

Report of the Game.

The Grays succeeded in downing the North Side Victors two games Wednesday—first game 12 to 2, and second game 10 to 5. The feature of the game was the batting of Lynch and Seymour, Martin, Howell and Hudson. Martin pitched the best ball Wednesday that has been pitched in many days. He struck out eight men and gave four men bases on balls. He went to bat six times and made five hits. McElhaney played good ball, too. He struck out nine men, and gave four men bases on balls. He has the best record of any pitcher in the league.

The Grays are open for a challenge from any city in the state of Georgia. Address: Claud Howell, 260 Simpson street, Atlanta, Ga. Old Veteran Howell is going to play third base and act as captain for the Grays next season. Nunan is playing right field, and is playing in great form.

Manager Lynch is going to keep the same

PENNANT WINNERS IN THE LARGE DIVISION.



McElhaney.
Kennedy.

Nunan.
Eaves.
Allen.

Hudson.
Lynch.
Howell.

Martin.
Kennedy.
Ellsworth.

team next year, and is going to try to win the flag again.

Harry Waitts is a good base runner. Mr. Joe Winn is one of the best mascots the Grays have ever had.

Kennedy is one of the best all-around players in the league. He can play any position you put him in.

Master Fred Kennedy is the Grays' mascot. He missed only one game this season. He is always on hand to coach for the Grays.

Want Challenges.

West Atlanta Grays will accept any challenge from any part of the city, if the boys' ages are from fourteen to sixteen years. Address: Captain Claud Howell 260 Simpson street. Charles Ellsworth has the best record of center fielder in the Junior League. He can play any position you put him in. As a pitcher, he has no equal of his size, and as a catcher, he is a corker.

"Put Up or Shut Up."

That fierce little pennant team, the Tigers, Jr., is hot on the trail of the Rock Hills. It's all because of a little item that Manager Hood, of the Rock Hills, had published in another paper last week. Hood claimed in an article that he had not been



ARCH AVERY.
Of the Tigers, Jr., the Pennant Team in the Little Division.

treated fairly by the president of the league in that the president had given the Tigers a game which the Rock Hills claimed was theirs. The article was badly in error in several points, and Hood has since acknowledged to the editor of The Junior that had the game been given him he still would not have had the pennant. If the game had been given the Rock Hills the Tigers would still have had the pennant by a small percentage, because that

team has played one more game than the Rock Hills.

"The only thing I am kicking about," said Hood to The Junior, "is that everybody thinks we are no good; that we let the Tigers beat us. We can beat the Tigers, and I want the people to know it." Joe Thompson, captain of the Tigers, is as satisfied on the other hand that the Rock Hills cannot beat his team, and he sends a ringing letter to The Junior for publication. He says:

"Editor Constitution Junior—I see in The Junior Journal that we did not win the game with the Rock Hills fairly, and the person who wrote the piece said that he knew my team could not beat the Rock Hills, and that he had money to back what he said. Now, if that would-be sport believes so, why didn't he come to us and tell us so? If he wants to bet, as he says, we will put up \$5 that we will beat the Rock Hills at Brisbane park Saturday, August 1st, the game to be played in the morning, and no one except members of the teams to play. He also says that the Rock Hills got the first game with us. That's all rot. We won the pennant with 1,000 percentage. And now, if the writer of that piece will stick up his V we will believe that we really have some sporting blood in his veins, but if he doesn't, we will know that he was only after a little newspaper notoriety. Yours, very truly,

Joel Thompson,

Manager Tigers, Junior.

"Atlanta, Ga., July 22d."

The Juvenile League was organized last week with about nine teams. Erskine Hood was elected president, and Lucius

A COLUMBUS BOY WON.

Joseph Buhler Receives the Gold Medal for Oratory.

A Columbus boy won the oratory medal at the convention of Georgia teachers at Cumberland Island.

It was an exceedingly interesting contest, and was won by Mr. Joseph S. Buhler, who graduated from the Columbus High school this summer, and who has displayed great oratorical talent.

Many high schools in the state had representatives at Cumberland, and the contest was awaited with the greatest interest. There were many young orators of note among those assembled at the convention, and the contest, which came off Friday, was a most spirited one.

The Columbus High school was represented by Mr. Joseph S. Buhler, and he acquitted himself in a highly creditable manner, winning the prize for the best oratorical effort. The prize was a gold medal. Mr. Buhler was the youngest orator among the contestants, and that he should win such an honor is exceedingly gratifying to his Columbus friends.

Mr. Buhler's subject was "Bob Toombs' Defense," being the famous speech made by the noted Georgian on the occasion when he was defending the life of one of his slaves.

The young orator recited the speech with fine effect, displaying his usual ability, and his splendid success was the subject of much comment among the teachers.

The winner of this medal is but fifteen years of age. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Buhler, of Columbus, and an unusually bright young man. He distinguished himself in his studies and was one of the brightest of the high school pupils who graduated this summer. On the occasion of the class exercises last spring Mr. Buhler delivered a recitation with fine dramatic effect and won much applause. His talent is pronounced and he bids fair to become in due time one of the leading young orators of the state.

A Queer Lake.

Nicholasville Letter in The Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sinking creek, in the northwestern part of this county, is not a running stream or creek, as one would imagine from its name, but it is a large lake, which forms only in the spring of the year, when thaws and rainfall produce an overabundance of water. The formation of a lake covering over 200 acres of land, and sometimes over 300, comes with the suddenness of a rise in the Mississippi river.

The lake is formed in a hollow entirely surrounded by gradually inclined hills of blue-grass fields and meadows. These hills are at first imperceptible to the eye on account of the gradual and even slope of the surrounding country. A closer examination of the country shows that for miles around it all gradually inclines to the place where the springtime lake forms, but the place itself is merely a slightly rolling tract of land, over which various fences, trees and shrubbery are seen. As the lake depends on the rainfall for its supply of water, it is larger some years than others, and has been known to cover 350 acres of land, and the water all the way from five to thirty feet deep. This body of water is a veritable Mecca for duck hunters at the time of the year when ducks pass through Kentucky on their way to the northern lakes.

There is no outlet above the earth in the way of a creek or hollow. There is no cave or sink hole on any of the land which is covered by water through which the water may escape. Yet within one month this immense amount of water disappears. After the disappearance the earth which is covered, instead of being a wet, marshy place, as is the case of an ordinary springtime rise in water, is a beautiful, fertile, blue-grass vale, over which blooded Kentucky stock roam during the summer months and fatten on the rich pasture. No appearance of a marsh or water weeds, etc., is found after the lake has gone.

Exactly what causes the "sinking" of the lake has never been determined, although various geologists have visited the scene. It is a well-known fact that quicksilver thrown into a pond or lake will cause it to soon sink, and it is claimed that the water forming this lake, as it is drained down from the surrounding hills, brings with it a composition of some kind similar to mercury or quicksilver in its action on sinking a lake, and that this is the key to the mystery of Sinking creek.

From a Correspondent.

The Junior has received the following letter from one of its correspondents, who is spending the summer at Mt. Airy. The writer is our correspondent from Boulevard school:

Dear Junior—Our home is in Atlanta, but we have been here for two weeks, which is our second visit here this summer. We also spent two weeks here last summer. We are staying at the Mt. Airy Inn, and are having a right nice time. There is a tennis court here, also a tennis alley. A little park is just across the railroad, where we play every day with Mr. and Mrs. Plant's little girls from Macon. We have a fine time building sand houses, and playing catcher. Father comes up every Saturday evening on the Belle and stays until Monday. He took me up to the Tower, on the mountain two miles from here, one morning and we saw such pretty scenery. I guess we will go from here to Tallulah Falls next week. We will stop at the Cliff house if we go. We will be glad to get home again, although we have enjoyed our stay in the mountains. I will close with love. Your little friend,
Rose Wood,
Age eleven years.

How a Fox Got Rid of a Flea.

Reynard is a knowing animal. The foxes are much tormented by fleas, but they know how to get rid of the insects. They gather from the bark of trees moss, which they carry to a stream that deepens by degrees. Here they enter the water, still carrying the moss in their mouths, and going backward, beginning from the end of their tails, they advance till the whole body, with the exception of the mouth, is entirely immersed. The fleas, during this proceeding, have rushed in rapid haste to the dry parts, and finally to the moss, and the fox, when he has, according to his calculation, allowed sufficient time for all the fleas to take their departure, quietly opens his mouth. The moss floats off down the stream with its burden of fleas, and when it is out of jumping reach the fox finds its way to the bank much relieved.

Birds That Stole a Nest.

Nature tells a tale of a pair of rooks, evidently young birds, that strove in vain to build a nest. The wind each time blew the foundation down while the rooks, which fly far for nest materials instead of taking those close at hand, were away. At last, despairing of building a home by legitimate means, they fell upon a completed nest of another pair while the owners were absent, tore it to pieces and built a nest foundation that would stand in the wind. Then they made a superstructure in the clumsy and inexperienced way that young birds always do.

